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For meaning of this No. see page 19.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII No. 434. SATURDAY. SEPTEMBER 26. 1914 ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

NOTICE

In addition to its usual useful competition features,

Findon's Weekly. Competitors' Journal

is now publishing exclusive war articles by Mr. Edgar Wallace, the world-famed war correspondent and Mr. B. B. Falk, ex-News Editor of the London "Evening News," an eminent authority upon the personal side of the great campaign.

Order your "Findon's Weekly Competitors' Journal" this week without fail. Obtainable at any of Smith's bookstalls or from newsagents and stationers all over the Kingdom.

EVERY WEDNESDAY - ONE PENNY.

The demand for the

JOHN BULL WAR BADGE

has been so enormous that we simply dare not advertise last week as we could not possibly deliver. We have now doubled the staff and removed the mail order dept. to a separate building, where all orders are being executed in rotation.

The price is still 1s., in real enamel

If your local trader is again sold out send 1s. 3d. direct to the

J.B. COMPANY, EMPIRE HOUSE, GREAT CHARLES STREET, BIRMINGHAM

and it will be forwarded post free as soon as possible.

Kaiser Bill to "hack his way." With his troops went out one day. Thinking that he had a chance To sneak through Belgium into France. After that he meant to be Lord of earth and air and sea: Said to say a well-aimed shell Knocked poor Billy into —— Berlin

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

17, BILLITER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. September 26, 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS. If you predict the "Home" Team will win put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Oct. 3rd.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Newcastle U.	v.	Tottenham H.
			Middlesbro'	v.	Burnley
			Sheffield U.	v.	Bradford C.
			Aston Villa	v.	Chelsea
			Liverpool	v.	Everton
			Oldham A.	v.	Sheffield W.
			Manchester U.	v.	Sunderland
			Nottingham F.	v.	Preston N. E.
			Leicester F.	v.	Bury
			Glossop	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Leeds C.	v.	Arsenal
			Hull C.	v.	Derby C.
			Luton T.	v.	Brighton & H. A.
			Portsmouth	v.	Gillingham
			Southend U.	v.	West Ham U.
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Plymouth
			Millwall A.	v.	Watford
			Bristol R.	v.	Northampton
			Croydon C.	v.	Southampton
			Reading	v.	Crystal Palace

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

3

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 63, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest, No. 3, and post to reach us not later than Friday, October 2nd.

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on October 3rd. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct Forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2nd.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Newcastle U. v. Tot'ham H.				Leeds C. v. Arsenal
			Middlesbro' v. Burnley				Hull C. v. Derby C.
			Sheffield U. v. Bradford C.				Luton T. v. Brighton & H. A.
			Aston Villa v. Chelsea				Portsmouth v. Gillingham
			Liverpool v. Everton				Southend U. v. West Ham U.
			Oldham A. v. Sheffield W.				Queen's P. R. v. Plymouth
			Man. U. v. Sunderland				Millwall A. v. Watford
			Notts F. v. Preston N.E.				Bristol R. v. Northampton
			Leicester F. v. Bury				Croydon C. v. Southampton
			Glossip v. Huddersfield T.				Reading v. Crystal Palace

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 434. Week ending Saturday, September 26th, 1914. One Penny.

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

Mr. BOTTOMLEY'S GREAT SPEECH.

Delivered at

THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

ASK FOR **"BOTTOMLEY'S BATTLE CRY," 1d.,** or from Publishing Dept., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 1½d. post free.

5,000 HEARD IT—30,000 TRIED TO—MILLIONS SHOULD READ IT.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Ugly Rumour.

There is a nasty rumour going about in connection with the cutting up of the British at Mons, owing to the non-arrival of French reinforcements. We all remember the treachery of Bazaine in the 1870 war. We say no more—at present.

An Apt Aphorism.

Britannia rules the waves—but: Germany waives the rules!

"England Expects—"

Have you been to the London Opera House yet to see the new patriotic little sketch? No? Then go.

Our Battle Cry.

And talking of the Opera House, reminds us that a full report of our recent speech there is now on sale. Get a few copies and send them to your friends abroad.

Those Russians!

Without embarking upon the interesting discussion as to whether it really was a Russian force which occupied those mysterious trains that passed in the night, we beg to inquire where the *Daily Mail* photographer took that snap of Cossack cavalry in action, which appeared in its columns one day recently. Even a *Daily Mail* photographer cannot very well be in all the theatres of war, as they are called, at once!

A Real Jumble Sale.

Here's an idea. Everybody has *something* which can be spared—a bit of jewellery or furniture, a walking stick or umbrella, a dress or suit of clothes, a toy, a few books, a picture, an ornament—*anything*. Now suppose we take a big building and hold a daily war sale for the benefit of the wives and families of the men at the front. What would *you* send us? Let us know at once, please.

These German Pensioners.

In addition to the £6,000 a year which we allow to Princess Christian—one of whose sons is fighting for the enemy—the Duchess of Albany gets the same, whilst her son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, is in the field against us. And what about Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein? Is it the fact that he was in this country when war was declared, and was allowed to return home, instead of being held as a prisoner of war? We all remember poor Fragson's song, "He received me most politely!" How many German princes and princesses must be humming it to themselves!

Our Princes.

And we think it a pity that the Prince of Wales was not allowed to go out with his regiment. This fact, coupled with the unfortunate illness of his brother Albert—which necessitated his removal from the line just before our fleet engaged the German ships—has caused us to be misunderstood abroad. But the war is not quite over yet—and we hope, before long, to see our soldier and sailor princes with their men.

Munchhausen.

The name Münchhausen was originally borne by a German officer, in the Russian service against the Turks. It has now become synonymous with liar, but we doubt whether any of the marvellous tales set forth in Raspe's book could vie with the fairy stories which are daily fabricated in Berlin.

No Supper.

What a farce this early closing order is! Whatever may be said in its favour so far as the ordinary public house is concerned, what earthly reason can there be for compelling people who go to a *bona-fide* restaurant for supper to ruin their digestions by mixing noxious temperance concoctions with their food?

From a Scripture Reader!

This is what "a Church of England scripture reader for 18 years" says: "God bless you! You have done more good than all the churches in the world. JOHN BULL is a terrific bomb dropped into the enemy's trenches every week" If only it could hit the Kaiser!

Last chance to win our £1,000 Football Prize. Final Coupon. See page 2 of Cover.

Credit and the Crisis.

All things considered, it is to be hoped that the Government will not think it necessary to renew the Moratorium which, in the ordinary course, will expire at the beginning of October. It has operated principally for the benefit of bankers and other well-to-do persons who were in small need of assistance. On the other hand, it has worked grave hardship to many manufacturers and traders, who have been faced simultaneously with a reduction of income and a curtailment of credit. We see no reason why the banks should continue to enjoy the privileges of the Moratorium without a substantial *quid pro quo* in the shape of extended credit, and, in this connection, it can scarcely be said that they have risen to the height of their responsibilities. Loans have been freely forthcoming for firms which could quite well have "carried on" without them, but the "little man" has too often been sent empty away. By the way, why shouldn't the Government come to the assistance of the smaller traders by the issue of loans up to a certain safe percentage of their realisable assets? Oh, for a Business Chancellor!

"Rotten."

Two employees of the Tyne Pilotage Board have been called out for active service, one a fireman employed in the pilot cutter, the other a pilot's apprentice on duty with the Naval Volunteers. Being a patriotic body, presumably British to the core, and naturally grateful that two men in their employ should risk their lives for the vital interests of the country in time of war, the Board met and decided that they were "very, very sorry," but theirs were trust funds, and they could not pay anything at all—not even the difference between the Army pay and their wages—to the relatives the men had left behind. What would be the use of the trust funds if the Kaiser came around the Tyne one of these mornings, annexed the lot, and blew the members of the Tyne Pilotage Board to smithereens their contemptible, humbugging decision does not explain!

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!

On the whole, we must be one of the nicest countries of the world for the Germhun to live in. Somehow he can always rely on our tender feelings towards the Deutscher in distress. Even in time of war, when he is an alien enemy in the midst, if he is naked we clothe him, if he is hungry we feed him, and if he is athirst we give him drink, bless his dear heart! You could not have a more typical proof of it than the sad case at Swansea of a local Germhun resident who, having married a local girl, became the father of four little children, got imprisoned as an enemy, and is now assured by the Western Relief Committee that his wife and kiddies will be provided with a free gift of 12s. 6d. a week. This shows what a splendid investment it is for Germhuns to come to Britain and marry British girls. It is money for nothing.

"Chocolate" Soldiers.

During the South African War there was some talk of bringing over Indian troops, but the idea was scouted on the ground that whites (*i.e.*, Boers) must not be fought with men of colour. We always thought this absurd. In the event of war with Russia, would not Indians have been allowed to defend their homes? Anyhow, this racial squeamishness has been dropped now that everybody is fighting everybody else. There was not a murmur when the French brought their splendid black troops over from Africa, so why should not our highly civilised Indians also have a shot at the heroes of Louvain? We are glad that the business part of our allied governments has decided that none are too black or too yellow for a red Prussian.

Irritating Impests.

Small vexations are likely to weigh more heavily upon the spirits of our troops than the more serious perils which they have volunteered to face, and it is only by condescension to details that the War Office can fully discharge its manifold obligations. A Territorial who had volunteered for foreign service, was given leave of absence to "wind up" his business affairs in London. At the outset of his journey, he was taken aback by the refusal of the Midland Railway Company officials to issue him a ticket at "soldiers' rates." This circumstance is so far unexplained. In London he had a number of outstanding accounts to collect, and the time allowed him proved all too short for the purpose. In these circumstances, he resolved to execute a Power of Attorney in favour of a trusted friend, but, at Somerset House, he was informed that this course would involve a charge of ten shillings for Government stamp duty! Surely our fighting men should be free of these troublesome exactions.

Pseudo Patriotism.

We utterly fail to find any patriotism in Messrs. Sainsbury's and the International Stores' decision to employ young women to replace male employees who have joined the colours. Instead of engaging inexperienced girls at low wages, they would win infinitely more public approval by taking on, say, half the number of experienced married men and paying them *a living wage*. We fear that the greatly exaggerated exigencies of war are responsible for an immense amount of this sort of thing, and it is high time that the purchasing public showed their disapproval of such tactics by withdrawing their custom from firms which practise them. For a middle-aged married man, with a family, to be out of employment is a far greater economic disaster than the enforced idleness of a young girl—who, indeed, need not be idle at such a time as this if ladies who run sewing parties would only refrain from pricking their own dainty fingers and hand over the work to those who not only need it but would do it very much better.

The Limit.

In these record breaking days the palm for undiluted stupidity must be awarded to the Inland Revenue authorities of the City of Exeter. A reader of the *Devon and Exeter Gazette* handed his watch to the Editor of that journal, in the hope that it might be sold and the proceeds applied to the Prince of Wales' Fund. A day later, the timepiece was displayed in the window of the newspaper office, with a notice stating the object of its sale and inviting tenders for its purchase. Thereupon the Revenue officials descended upon the luckless editor, declaring that he had committed a criminal offence, inasmuch as he held no licence for the sale of plate, nor was he licensed to act as an auctioneer! As we write, we learn that an apology has appeased the wrath of the powers, and that no police-court proceedings are likely to ensue. We think it rather a pity. Tomfoolery of this sort deserves the widest publicity.

Another Clerical Pessimist.

It must be a matter of great regret to the people of Scarborough, of which he is Vicar, that Dr. Eyre cannot keep his hair on. As an alarmist he is top hole, as they say at golf. "England," wails he, "is in her death throes. The powers ranged against us are the powers of the Devil. The very existence of the Empire is at stake. England deserves this rebuke. During the last ten years she has been the most self-seeking and selfish community in existence. She has been full of vice—the most God-forgetting nation in history." Dr. Eyre's idea seems to be that the most pious nation in history is Germhuny, and the Kaiser is its prophet. Poor Vicar!

Now on sale everywhere—"Bottomley's Battle Cry," 1d.

The Brixton Trespass Affair.

In our issue of July 25th last we addressed a Candid Epistle to Messrs. J. Wise & Co., Furniture Dealers, Brixton, and in the spirit of justice we have now the pleasure of saying that it was much more candid, owing to the way in which the local reporter put the facts, than it was justified in being. Without again traversing the details of a complicated affair, Messrs. Wise have now satisfied us that they were made the scapegoats of unscrupulous persons. They have, in fact, furnished us with the shorthand note of Judge Parry's judgment in the Lambeth County Court, where the case was heard. "I have every sympathy," says his Honour, "with the defendants in this case. They acted, however, illegally in removing the goods under the instructions of the bailiff." It is evident the Judge would not have had any sympathy with Messrs. Wise if the circumstances had not extenuated the legal culpability of their action. We, therefore, have no hesitation in expressing our regret for the terms in which we characterised it.

Where are They?

A strange story comes from Torquay. It is said that before the war a number of Germhun residents were accustomed to meet regularly at a certain hotel in the Borough. Ostensibly these gatherings were convened by the German Waiters' Association, and so fervently loyal were these exiled sons of the Fatherland that the Chairman's table was covered with the German Flag. With the outbreak of war these former knights of the napkin are supposed to have joined the Kaiser's Army, but public opinion in Torquay is by no means easy upon the matter. Meanwhile, the merry meetings at the hotel have ceased, and the landlord, it seems, has become very impatient of any reference to his former guests. Indeed, we understand that in one instance the mere mention of the "waiters" has led to a violent altercation. It is all very mysterious and suggestive, but no doubt the Torquay police are on their guard.

Knights of the Napkin.

By the way, several German waiters have been arrested upon charges of espionage and the hotel and restaurant proprietors have at length deemed it prudent to dispense with Teutonic assistance. Meanwhile, British waiters are resolved, if possible, to rid themselves for ever of alien competition. The avowed object of the United British Association of Hotel, Restaurant and Club Employees is "to oust the alien from all our hotels, clubs and restaurants," and the public are invited to further its aims "by refusing to be served or waited upon by aliens." The movement is opportunely timed, and we are glad to learn that it has already evoked an encouraging response. Upon every ground it is worthy of the widest support.

Soldiers and Scented Soap.

One of the Red Cross nurses with the Expeditionary Force, writing home to her father, a Sussex clergyman, after saying how acceptable old magazines and cigarettes in any quantity would be to the troops, adds "They would also be grateful for scented soap." We confess to an amiable liking for moderately scented soap ourselves, whose occupation does not involve the handling of malodorous objects. How much more must Tommy, whose duties include the handling of Germhun prisoners and dead, welcome a perfumed tablet to cleanse his hands after such noisome and disgusting contact? But we should have thought that a strong disinfectant would have suited our soldiers best, and that the scented soap might be left to purify the gentle hands of the brave and bonny nurses who minister to their needs.

A Mean Committee.

The Staffordshire County Insurance Committee are apparently anxious to dump the patriotic enthusiasm of their staff. After discussion, they have resolved to keep open the places of any men who may join the Colours, but to withhold their salaries for the period of the war. This decision falls far short of the liberality displayed by many private firms, and, in the case of a responsible public body, it calls for severe censure. In pleasing contrast to this exhibition of meanness is a resolution passed at their last meeting by the Staffordshire County Education Committee. Any employee of this committee who enlists for the term of the war will continue to draw his full salary less the amount of his Army pay. We compliment the Education Committee upon their public-spirited decision, and we suggest to the Insurance Committee that they should at once reconsider their position. We have reason to know that their attitude is keenly resented in the county.

Oh! for Business Recruiting.

"Wishing to be of some assistance to my King and country," a Birmingham reader writes, "I presented myself at the recruiting depot. I went through the usual formalities as regards stripping, etc., and passed as medically fit, with the exception of eyesight. This, by-the way, is not an isolated case. Do you not think it absurd for anyone to strip to have his eyesight examined? Is it possible that the medical experts of the War Office cannot examine your eyesight if you have your clothes on? If not, my suggestion is that Lord Kitchener should sack the lot and engage some new experts who can; then they could examine our eyes first of all, and if they did not suit we could go about our business without having to undress and dress again." Quite so, just as the Army can wash behind its ears without taking off its boots.

Our Enemies Must Pay.

War is neither a free picnic nor a free picture show. The price of admission is heavy, and the inexorable rule of nations is that the enemy must pay. It is in this spirit that the Music Committee of the City Corporation have decided to dispense with the services of all German, Austrian or Hungarian professors at the Guildhall School and also with German instruments for teaching. The Kaiser has driven home to our nation at least one useful, one much-needed lesson, and that is to look after our own. Charity begins at home, but for long years we have not only let it begin in Germhuny, but end there. We have been fools to ourselves. We have dragged the bandage from our eyes. We see the light at last. This is our day, indeed.

Those Spies!

There can be no doubt about the presence still amongst us of many Germhun spies, and we doubt whether the ordinary police force is adapted to dealing with the matter. Why doesn't the War Office give *carte blanche* to half-a-dozen picked men, with military and naval experience, and let them scour the country in their own way—motoring from place to place where the Kaiser's creatures are likely to be, and getting into touch with them without being in any way suspected?

Bankers' Booty.

Enormous sums of money have been sent over here to bankers and brokers, together with large quantities of valuables, in the shape of jewels, bonds, etc., for safe custody during the war. The same thing happened at the time of the French Revolution—and that is one of the ways in which the banks got hold of those unclaimed securities and dormant balances that we are always talking about. Now then, Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer—get a move on!

AT IT AGAIN—CONFOUND THEM!

THE POLITICAL "TRUCE" EXPOSED—PLAYING INTO THE ENEMY'S HANDS.

We knew it. We felt it in our bones. When the great Truce was arranged—the Truce of God—under which we all agreed to put aside our internal differences and quarrels, and to present a united front to the enemy, we always doubted the possibility of shaking off the horrible Party spirit, which has sunk so deeply into the life of the nation. We remembered how in the darkest days of the South African war, certain politicians, regardless of the peril to the Empire, went about declaring that we were engaged in an unholy crusade against a patriotic and defenceless people; and we strongly suspected that the System would not stand the strain of the present ordeal. Thus, speaking at the London Opera House on Monday last, we said: "When you find gentlemen and right hon. gentlemen, who a few weeks ago were describing each other as traitors, thieves and liars, and were searching through their dictionaries for new epithets to hurl at each other—when you find these same men making professions of brotherly love, and declarations that they have at last decided to work on purely patriotic lines, then I say it is a sign of the times that you must take notice of. Personally, I am not as much impressed with these newly formed resolutions as some people are. I think it will be found that the professional politicians will be the last people to come up to the penitent form." And, by way of illustration, we referred to what was going on in the various Revision Courts. We said: "Yet whilst there is this truce of Party—as we are being told—there are sitting in every part of London, and probably in every part of the country, what are called Revision Courts. They are sitting for the purpose of revising the lists of Parliamentary voters; and whilst you are told that all Party dissensions are gone, if you visit any of those Courts you will find the paid Party officials from morning to night raising every conceivable objection in order to keep off the register people whom they regard as not being of the approved 'colour.'"

That was on Monday night. On Tuesday, in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister introduced a Bill to suspend the operation of the Home Rule and Welsh Church Bills (which were both on the point of automatically becoming law, under the provisions of the Parliament Act) until after the end of the war. "But for the war," said Mr. Asquith, "both measures would now have been placed on the Statute Book." "Ah!" replied the Leader of the Opposition (fancy *every* Government having an organised "opposition"!), "but Ulster would then have been in arms, and there would have been civil war in Ireland—and it is most unfair to deprive us of *that*." "Nonsense," rejoined the Premier, "you will be in just the same position as soon as the war is over; and before the new Acts come into force you can have your civil war, if you want it—and we shall be exactly where we were." And then the row began.

At It Again.

They were at it again. The dictionaries were brought out, and all the old epithets were flung about. And even as the guns were booming, and the swords clashing—aye, even as the German barbarians were reeling before a hail of British bullets and the points of British bayonets—even as Irish soldiers were dropping dead on the field, with "God Save Ireland" on their parched lips—even as Indian and Canadian troops were hurrying across the seas to the succour of the Motherland and a "united Empire"—even as the blood-guilty Kaiser was beginning to think that, after all, his spies *had* misled him as to the condition of things in England—even, we say, whilst all these things were happening in the world, we were forced once more to look upon a scene which sickened the hearts of patriotic men, and made them marvel whether, after all, the voice of God, spoken so solemnly to the British race, had fallen upon deaf ears. May He forgive us our lapse and grant us one more chance! That is the most we dare ask. And it is more than we deserve. Let us see what sort of headlines we provided for the German press. We will set them out.—

Disruption in the British Parliament.
Government Charged with Treachery.
Half the House Walks Out.
Civil War Declared.

Nice reading, isn't it? Just the sort of thing to give colour to the lies about ex-ministers denouncing the War, and the Lord Mayor condemning it. True, the storm did not last long. The chief actors became ashamed of themselves, and vowing they would ne'er consent—consented. And Sir Edward Carson, having secured another "consent," went off and got married. May he now, for the sake of peace, become more reconciled to "Home" Rule! But before entering the sacred bonds he shot off a parting message to his faithful people—and it has already found its way, with appropriate embellishment, into the German papers. Here it is:

"Unparalleled Treachery."

That is how it begins, and it is hurled at "the Radical Government" and "their Nationalist allies." Their action has been decided upon "without any regard to national interests," and the "infamy" of their proceedings "will sink deeply into the heart of every loyal and patriotic man." Let us pause there for a moment, and ask ourselves, in all seriousness, what this eminent politician—late Law Officer of the Crown, and member of the King's Privy Council—is asking, not only his own countrymen but his country's enemies, to believe. His Majesty's Ministers, entrusted with the awful responsibility of defending the Empire against threatened destruction, and hitherto backed up by a united, a proud, and a determined people, are, in fact, nothing but despicable traitors, steeped in infamy, and guilty of "unparalleled treachery"—unparalleled, that is, in all the history of the world. In this criminal business they are backed up by the whole Nationalist party, and they have wounded

deeply the heart of every loyal and patriotic man! In other words, neither Mr. Asquith, nor Sir Edward Grey, nor Mr. Churchill—none of whom ever gets a night's rest, and each of whom is literally "spending" his life in the service of the country—is either loyal or patriotic, but is an infamous traitor to the King, and a conspirator against the country. And that is the sort of stuff we have been fed on for years! If Sir Edward Carson believes what he said, then, instead of going off on a honeymoon, he should have bought a horsewhip and thrashed the traitors out of the House of Commons. But we have not finished with him. He had not quite completed his message. It appears that what has happened—and, let it be clearly understood, we are not concerned either to defend or attack it—is the action "of a despicable political faction"—*i.e.*, the Government and all its supporters. There is another fine headline for the German papers! And so he promises, in due course, to "go straight on in the fight—strengthened by the belief that Great Britain will never forgive the base treachery of the Government." Every letter in every word of every sentence of such a message, at such a time, is an act of High Treason.

Rubbing It In.

We will not follow Mr. Bonar Law through the speech in which—though in less mad language, we confess—*he* rubbed in the charges to which we have referred. He spoke of the "indecency" of the Government, it is true—of its "deliberate violation of solemn pledges"—and of "the conditional loyalty" of the Nationalists; but he made one or two such startling admissions about the dishonesty and hollowness of the present parliamentary system, of which he is a leading representative, that we prefer to deal with them. Nor will we stay to comment upon the manner in which the Opposition press—parrot-like, as all Party papers are—echoed and re-echoed the epithets of their "leaders." It is all very pitiful. We content ourselves by quoting a simple sentence from *The Times*: "The speech of the Prime Minister is a weak apology for conduct *which honourable men* must instinctively feel to be indefensible." That will do—Mr Asquith and his colleagues are dishonourable men! And yet the destinies of our Empire are in their hands! Let it be made plain that we do not say that the Government was wise in the course it adopted. We think that, from every point of view, it would have been better to have consented to a Home Rule moratorium—by a short Bill extending the provisions of the Parliament Act and the date of the General Election till after the conclusion of the war. Instead of thinking about what was "fair" to their Party, they should have thought only of what was wisest, in the present crisis, from the national point of view. And that, clearly, was the absolute suspension of every item of internal political strife. Then the Ulster and the Dublin volunteers would have fought side by side in the trenches; Home Rulers and Unionists would have stood side by side on the platform; and no power on earth could ever have made them fight each other. In the hour of Britain's triumph, they would all have clamoured for a share in her glory—and there are less unlikely things in the womb of time than that Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson would have jointly formed a Ministry for the first Irish Parliament—with the one as Prime Minister and the other as Lord Chancellor. Think it over.

Ghastly Admissions.

But what is the use of speculating as to what *might* be? At every turn we are confronted with the damnable spectacle of Party. We had made up our minds to try and avoid any further reference to the ghastly theme till the war is over; but, really, the recent proceedings in Parliament compel us to give the public one more illustration of the truth of what we have been so long telling it; and to once more emphasise the terrible danger to the State which the existing system of government involves. We have before us the speech of Mr. Bonar Law—the leader, be it remembered, of numerically the largest Party in the House. Listen to what he said, and note the words we have emphasised. "I sometimes, *as we all do*, get tired of the bitterness of Party strife, and I can say this—that at no time since I have been engaged in politics have I felt so much satisfaction in political life as during the last few weeks, when Parties had ceased to exist in this House. *I hoped that that might long continue.* I hoped that during this cessation of Party bitterness something might be done for the lasting good of the country *which would not be possible at any other time.*" Comment would spoil the force of these admissions; and we will content ourselves with one more quotation: "If there is any member of the House who will look at this thing fairly—*it is difficult for all of us where Party issues are involved*"—well, that will do. They all at times feel tired of Party; they admit that many things for the good of the country cannot be accomplished except when Party strife is suspended, and that it is impossible to "look at things fairly" where "Party issues are involved." Surely these confessions should convince any man of the awful danger which lurks in the background of our national life.

A Final Appeal.

Once more, then, we appeal to the politicians. We ask them, in God's name, to stop their fooling. We tell them that the Man in the Street cares not a damn for Parliament or its proceedings. He sees through it all at last. He knows that in these days there are none of those fundamental differences which once upon a time divided the schools of political thought. *And he is sick and tired of the sham fights, and the hypocrisy of the whole game.* But to-day he is not content with disgust. He is in no mood of mere indifference. He has shaken off his lethargy, and he means Business. Aye, and he means something more. He is no longer the sleepy old ass he has been in the past. *Civis Britannicus sum* is now his motto, and he has girded his loins and gone forth to conquer. His blood and that of all who are dear to him he is prepared to sacrifice on the altar of Anglo-Saxon civilisation and power; his womenfolk are in tears, and many of his dearest ones who live are in black. But his teeth are set and his hand is firmly on the scabbard. And all he asks is that—whilst he is fighting, in obedience to what he believes to be a divine call—those whom he has left at home should at least exhibit a true conception of the solemnity of the times, and refrain from any word or deed calculated to embarrass him.

NATIONAL PENNY BANK.

DEPOSITORS APPROVE OF OUR ADVICE.

From North, East, South and West letters have been pouring into these offices from readers who are depositors in the Penny "Bank." They are unanimous in thanking us for the suggestions we made in our article of last week, and there can be little doubt that—following our suggestion—a compulsory Winding-up Order will be asked for. Already a Petition is on the file, it being down for hearing on the day this issue appears. It may, however, not be persisted in, and in that case some of the larger depositors should at once lodge another on their own behalf. With the exception of the *Financial Times*, the papers have not commented upon the extraordinary proceedings at the recent meeting and the unsatisfactory nature of the whole position. Our contemporary, however, echoes our advice that "depositors should concentrate their energies on getting the winding-up taken over by the Official Receiver," and generally endorses all we have said as to the reasons for this step. We may mention that the Directors at the time the Bank closed its doors were the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Bessborough, C.V.O., C.B. (Chairman), the Hon. John M. G. Biddulph, the Hon. Bertie B. Ponsonby and Mr. Douglas C. Bartley. The Rt. Hon. Walter Hume Long, M.P., was no longer a director, but the reason for his retirement and the date upon which it took place were not, apparently, made public. His name appears as a director in the current reference books, and it would be useful to know under what circumstances he left the Board.

Demand for Joint Action

Some of our readers ask us to form a combination of depositors, with a view to taking joint action to obtain a compulsory Winding-up Order. We await the result of the application to the Court, to which we have already referred, before deciding whether it is possible for us to do so. Amongst the many letters we have received, there are one or two the writers of which state that they prefer to allow voluntary liquidation to continue. No doubt they are in the happy position of being able to await the convenient realisation of the assets—without any payment on account, such as the Government promises under compulsory liquidation. The needs of the poorer depositors are, however, pressing, and must be, if only partially, relieved at once. The only definite proposal to give them such assistance is the one put forward by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he insists upon compulsory liquidation before extending any aid. Even were this not so, we consider that compulsory liquidation is necessary. A voluntary Liquidator, appointed by the directors to act on the joint behalf of the shareholders (who owe some £50,000 of uncalled capital) and for depositors (who have lost nearly half-a-million pounds) is not the person to conduct the investigation which is imperatively required. We do not think that the Government would make such a stipulation unless it believed—as we do—that the causes which brought the Bank to the ground should be probed to the bottom by independent officials.

More Mystery!

As we go to press, an announcement is made by Messrs. Grover and Morse, who started the "Depositors' Protection Committee" with which the recent meeting would have nothing to do. It is to the effect that, on certain terms, "one of the leading banks is prepared to open accounts for depositors who had at least £50 in the National Penny Bank." The name of this "leading bank" is not given. Depositors, whose custom is sought, should, however, have nothing to do with the offer; but our concern, as already stated, is more for those who had deposits of less than £10.

We are pleased to learn from a financial daily that important steps are being taken in influential circles regarding the Bank, and we trust that these may be immediately fruitful. In the meantime, we desire to continue to impress upon depositors that nothing short of acceptance of the Government offer will meet the case, unless they can obtain better terms outside. So far, these have not been forthcoming nor have the Directors emerged from their seclusion and tendered any explanation on the points raised by us.

One of our readers suggests that we should add to these the following question: "Was depreciation of investments properly provided for in past balance sheets?" Perhaps the Directors—or, failing them, the Auditors—will reply.

"THE DAY" AND KNECHT.

A GERMAN "CHOCOLATE" SOLDIER.

Messrs. Knecht and Co., of 31, Maiden Lane, W.C., sole agents for Hildebrands, the German chocolate manufacturers, are busily advising their customers that they have changed the style of their firm to Knight and Co., and informing them, somewhat superfluously, that as this country is at war with Germany, no goods can be delivered by Messrs. Hildebrands nor accepted by any of their customers. They state, moreover, that "it will take a considerable time before Messrs. Hildebrand's factory can get back into working order." This we do not doubt, but fail to see that it is a matter for tears on the part of British chocolate consumers. The portion of Messrs. Knecht's circular letter which interests us most, however, is that which refers to the settlement of accounts. "We should like to point out," they say, "that we guarantee all accounts of Messrs. Hildebrands, and that for this purpose have to keep a large deposit account, which by this time has no doubt been drawn upon in payment of their outstanding accounts. Therefore all goods which have been invoiced direct to you by the factory must be considered as having been paid for by us. It is only fair to ask you to let us have these accounts when due, and remit to our London address." If this is not a plausible attempt to induce their customers to disobey the Proclamation forbidding the payment of money to the enemy, we should like to know what it is. The transmogrification of Knecht into Knight is too blatant to deceive the simplest. If it were not, one of the concluding sentences in the letter before us would "blow the gaff," as the saying goes: "Another of our men serves in the German army, and he will get his salary, if, as we hope, he should return to us after the war." Messrs. Knecht, or Knight, will permit us to say that we sincerely hope their German employees will *not* return to them after the war. We want German chocolate as little as we want German "kultur," and whilst we have numbers of honest, patriotic Britishers looking for jobs, we want no more German blacklegs here taking the bread out of their mouths. We rather fancy Messrs. Knecht have protested a little too much, and we take this opportunity to advise them to return to the country whence they came—a course which, had it been adopted earlier, would have obviated the painful necessity of changing their name from German Knecht to British Knight.

"THE MILLS OF GOD."

(The following lines were suggested by our recent article under the same heading.)

Brave Belgium, you have suffered much,
  We mourn with you for your lost sons,
And, with you, will never rest
  Until Atilla and his Huns
Have paid the price of their foul deeds,
  Till from your land the brutes have gone.
Justice and Truth are on our side.
  The Mills of God are grinding on.

Fair France, a word with you as well,
  Our friends and allies on the field,
You've shown that, like our gallant lads,
  You fight and die, but never yield;
We'll go together side by side
  Till the "Butcher" and his minions fall.
The Mills of God are grinding on,
  And they grind "exceeding small."

Britain, you have lost some heroes
  On the battlefield and sea;
They fought as Britons always fight,
  And died to keep our homeland free.
But the reckoning is coming,
  Coming to the "Butcher's" fall.
The Mills of God grind, oh, so slowly,
  But they grind "exceeding small."

J. K.

Don't forget the Pen Coupon on page 2 of Cover.

A RICKETY REMOUNT.

JUDGE'S STRICTURES UPON A WALSALL "VET."

An interesting echo of the "Remount Scandal" was heard in the course of a recent action at the Walsall County Court, when a firm of furniture dealers sued Messrs. Paley Brothers, veterinary surgeons, for damage arising from the purchase of a mare. As to the actual condition of the animal there seems to have been a considerable difference of opinion, but, whatever the nature of her ailments, she was clearly unfit for active work. The plaintiffs declared that in offering the mare for sale Messrs. Paley had warranted her "sound as a bell," and it was upon the alleged falsity of this assertion that their claim for damages was based.

The various witnesses in the case had a most interesting story to tell. The defendants denied that the mare was in any way unsound, though admitting that she had formerly suffered from "a certain amount of tenderness in the shoulder." They further acknowledged that she had been previously sold to Messrs. Orgillo, Limited, who had subsequently retracted their bargain on the ground that the animal was "too heavy for their purpose." At this point the mare was transferred to the plaintiffs, whose principal witness was a vanman in their employ. In the course of his evidence the driver stated that the animal only "ran sound" for a quarter of an hour, after which she became noticeably lame. On a subsequent journey she fared so badly that he was stopped by a police officer and compelled to take her home. This testimony, corroborated in several essential particulars, was obviously of vital importance. There remained the "expert" witnesses on either side, who swore in each other's teeth with the cheerful effrontery usually noticeable in such cases. Mr. Abraham Green, Veterinary Surgeon to the Dudley Corporation, declared that "it was palpable to the ordinary observer that something was the matter." The mare was suffering from ringbone, which was "a progressive disease." This view of the matter seems to have been accepted by the judge, who found that Messrs. Paley had been guilty of "fraud and negligence," and entered judgment for the plaintiffs with costs.

Worse remains to be told. Before announcing his decision, his Honour, not unnaturally, expressed some curiosity as to the ultimate fate of the unhappy mare. He was informed that at the outbreak of war she had been purchased by the military authorities for £40, and was now with the Territorial Artillery at West Bromwich.

Mr. A. D. Greatrex, Borough Surveyor of West Bromwich, announced that he was one of three Remount Officers locally appointed by the Government, and he accepted sole responsibility for this particular transaction. He had effected the purchase upon the advice of a qualified veterinary surgeon—Mr. A. E. Paley, a member of the defendant firm. Mr. Paley had passed the animal as "sound" for military purposes and had confessed to no knowledge of its previous career. He had not mentioned that legal proceedings were pending in respect of its condition, nor had he acknowledged any personal interest in the matter. Faced by these startling admissions his Honour observed:—

> Surely Mr. Paley ought to have called in another "vet." instead of himself recommending the mare to the Government. Surely it was a question of common honour, unless he was thinking more of his own interests than the country's. The nation is at war, and the passing of an unsound horse might risk a whole regiment. If there was a shadow of suspicion under such circumstances, he ought to have said, "I shall get the opinion of another man."

His Honour's judgment will be endorsed by every honest citizen. If Mr. Paley was guilty of "fraud and negligence" in foisting this animal upon a private trader, what is to be said of his conduct in passing it for the use of the Army? We leave the answer to the War Office.

"WHAT'S WATSON?"

Last week, under this heading, we published the peculiar proposition of a man named Vernon Watson, who was endeavouring to obtain deposits of £5 from persons seeking work. Watson is now under arrest, so we expect shortly to receive an authoritative answer—one way or the other—to our query.

A WELL-WORN WHEEZE.

DON'T BUY YOUR BLANKETS IN A BALE.

It appears that the blanket bouncers are still on the war-path. In these hard times our old friends the Lancashire Clothing Club of Burnley—"H. Riley, Manager"—are evidently expecting a record harvest, and they are already "spreading themselves" for the coming winter. Their precious £2 bales are already down to £1 10s., and, of course, a deposit of 1s. will still bring the priceless parcel "carriage paid to your door." A Swansea lady, describing herself as "a constant reader of JOHN BULL," had apparently overlooked our repeated exposures of this shoddy concern and, disliking hire-purchase arrangements, she despatched a guinea with her order. There was the usual period of delay, and then, about three weeks after the date of the order, the rare cargo came safely to hand, with elevenpence carriage to pay. This, according to the delivery agents, was "generally the way" with parcels consigned "carriage free" by the Lancashire Clothing Club. Into our correspondent's detailed description of the goods we need not now enter. They were apparently a fair sample of the trash which is the staple of the firm. A "beautiful hearthrug," promised as a free gift, was a strip of painted canvas. No single article bore the least resemblance to its advertised description. Disgusted with her "bargain," the purchaser at once addressed a letter of protest to the "Club," demanding the return of her guinea. We need scarcely say that she has received no reply. It is not often that these merchants can snatch so much money at one swoop, and, having done so, they are likely to hold tight. Under his own name, Riley is working the same "wheeze" on less ambitious lines. For a modest half-crown, Messrs. Riley and Co., of Bank Parade, Burnley, will supply you with a "sample" bale containing the very cream of their rich and varied stock. They are not so much "out" for profit as for fame, their desire being "simply to introduce our Catalogue into ten thousand homes." Send along your half-crown, together with a further 5d. to cover the cost of carriage, and you shall become the happy possessor of "exquisite" lace curtains of "genuine Viennese" pattern, "massive" curtain loops, and a "magnificent" assortment of general drapery. A West Kensington reader despatched an order, "wondering," as she says, "what this wonderful parcel would contain." For ten days there was "nothing doing," and our correspondent at length communicated with the Burnley Police. She was informed that Riley would despatch the parcel "shortly." It arrived two days later, containing the usual assortment of rags and rubbish. The buyer is naturally indignant. The police authorities should try conclusions again with Riley. It will be remembered that he was recently convicted and bound over on a charge of deposit-snatching, the magistrates adopting this lenient course—despite the magnitude of the swindle—on his promising to turn over a new leaf. Surely his present trickery renders him amenable to summary punishment.

MODEL EMPLOYERS.

A SPLENDID EXAMPLE.

We commend to employers throughout the country the splendid example set by Messrs. Lewis Berger and Sons, the eminent colour manufacturers, of Homerton, who have posted up at their works the following notice:—

> The Management wish to announce that any of the employees of the Company—whether Office or Factory Staff, or Factory hands—who have enlisted, or do enlist, in the service of the Crown will, during the period of the War, receive from the Company any difference between the pay received from, and allowances made by, the Government, and their present salary or wage.
>
> Any such difference will be paid by the Company, weekly, to the wives or relatives dependent upon them, or be held at the disposal of the employee.
>
> The Company will also retain the present positions of all employees serving with the Forces, against their return after the War.

If all employers would act in a similar spirit of patriotism, there would be little difficulty in obtaining all the recruits we require.

£1,000 for Football. Final Coupon this week. See page 2 of Cover.

A "BRUMMAGEM" BARGAIN.

PROUD PARENTS, PLEASE PONDER.

From the following advertisement, which appeared in the columns of a London daily newspaper, hangs a tale:—

> Bassinette, £10 10s. Magnificent specimen; never used; boat shape, coach-built; patent ball-bearing wheels, upholstered washable sanitary leather, reversible hood; photograph approval; sacrifice £2 18s. 6d.—Nurse, 72, Gough Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

This glowing offer was brought to the notice of a Canterbury reader, who had lately become entitled to the Lloyd George thirty shillings. Obviously, a ten-guinea "pram" for less than three pounds was not to be "sneezed at," and he at once resolved to "try his luck." In reply to his first letter he received a photograph of an empty baby-carriage, standing on a lawn, from which it might be inferred that the Edgbaston lady, in her eagerness to sell, had had the bargain snapshotted on purpose. The "pram" was of smart appearance, however, and our correspondent was disposed to complete the deal. With admirable caution he forwarded a money order, payable seven days after date. For some reason or other, however, the thing hung fire, and it was more than a week before the bassinette arrived. In the meantime the purchaser had cancelled his money order and had received the following letter:—

> The Gowans, 72, Gough Road, Edgbaston.
>
> Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your card, and am very surprised to hear you have not received the "pram." It has been dispatched to you per Great Western Railway—goods train—and should have reached you by now. I am making inquiries at the Railway, and am doing everything possible to urge an early delivery. It is quite in order stopping payment of the money order, but I should be glad if you will make same payable again when the "pram" comes to hand.—Yours faithfully, W. C. Russon.

It will be noted that, despite her preoccupation as a "nurse," Miss Russon was quite a neat hand at a business letter, and this circumstance, coupled with the highly technical nature of the original advertisement, had already served to arouse the purchaser's suspicions. Moreover, he was profoundly dissatisfied with his "bargain." His pithy description of the bassinette may usefully be read in conjunction with the terms of the newspaper "puff" already quoted. He writes:—

> It was a common thing, cracked under the seat in two places, no oil caps, badly finished, lined with grey American leather, and with cheap fittings of tinny brass. I have had one or two people to examine it, and we all come to the conclusion that it was a plant.

The buyer lost no time in repudiating his purchase and sending the "pram" back to Birmingham; nor was he satisfied till he had exacted compensation for every penny of expense to which he had been put. This reparation not only covered the double cost of carriage, but actually extended to the charge for cancelling the post-dated money order. Meanwhile, the "plant" was evidently a hardy one, for the catchy newspaper advertisement continued to appear. Resolved to get to the bottom of the matter, our correspondent wrote to Cradley Heath Railway Station, from which the bassinette had been dispatched, inquiring the actual name of the consignor. He received the following answer:—

> In reply to your letter of the 22nd inst., the "pram" in question was consigned to you from Messrs. The Cradley Carriage Company, Cradley Heath, who are the makers.

What is the explanation of this extraordinary state of affairs? Is "Miss Russon" an agent of the Company, and if so do they approve of her methods of business? Several alternative theories suggest themselves, none of them wholly creditable to the Cradley Carriage Company. Perhaps they would prefer to speak for themselves.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Will you kindly say in this week's J. Bull what is the exact height of the Kaiser. By doing so you will greatly oblige."

"I shall be much obliged if you will tell me the quantity of saltpetre, sulpher and charcoal in gunpowder through the columns of your paper."

GERMAN POISONS FOR SWANSEA PEOPLE.

MORE ABOUT THE HIRSCH SPELTER WORKS.

In a long and courteous letter which he has written to us in regard to our paragraph "referring to the procrastination of the Swansea District Council in taking no action in respect of the dangerous nuisance arising from the Swansea Vale Spelter Works at Llansamlet," the Clerk to the Council tells us that the works are in the county borough of Swansea, and that though the District Council have called attention to the nuisance in the rural district, the borough authority have refrained from taking any action. This being so, the District Council have also taken no step to remedy matters, though they have had official warnings, apparently by their own Medical Officer, of the serious risks to life and health they were imposing on the population in the rural district by what we must still regard as their procrastination in commencing legal proceedings to put an end to the dangerous nuisance. It is true that, while the Public Health law under which the District Council would act is a little obscure, private persons have an undoubted remedy; but the real point is that the Council have never put the law to test.

We believe the directors of these Spelter Works claim to be now erecting plant which will enable all the fumes and smoke to be condensed or otherwise treated so as to prevent the escape of any matter of commercial value; any matter which is not of commercial value being allowed, presumably, to escape as before. We really wonder whether the concern is a subtle enterprise on the part of the subjects of his Satanic Majesty the Kaiser to wipe out the whole rural population of Swansea. There is far too much Hirsch about the Swansea Vale Spelter Co., Ltd., for comfort. There is Herr Abraham Hirsch, for instance, and Herr Aron Hirsch, and Herr Siegfried Hirsch and Herr Emile Hirsch, all Germans, all principal shareholders, and all directors. The works were two or three years ago bought over by Mr. Aron Hirsch, of Halberstadt, and the other Hirschs followed him to assist in the management. They may be emitting deadly fumes in the Swansea district for the benefit of the community; we hope they are. After all, if Swansea is to be poisoned, it may as well be poisoned by Germany as anybody else. It can only die once.

TO THE GREAT BLASPHEMER.

You boasted of God, as the path you trod
That led to the war-stained flood;
You spoke of the Lord, as you drew the sword
In the name of Iron and Blood:
But little you thought, as you madly sought
To fasten your fist on all,
God's wheels o'er show, though they grind but slow,
They grind exceeding small.

You babble of God, as you drench the sod
With the blood of lusty sons;
You invoke the Lord, to at length reward
The hail from your Krupp-built guns:
But little your soul, as Death takes toll,
Knows of the Truth Divine;
'Tis a creed of the lip, as you bend and sip
The cup of Sacred Wine.

To Heaven you pray, to bless "The Day,"
With your hands incarnadine;
As your murd'rous Huns kill Belgium's Sons—
And scatter the deadly mine:
Though you pose as a saint, 'neath your war-like paint,
As a candidate for Zion,
At heart you're a fraud, and your true lord
The Idol of Force and Iron.

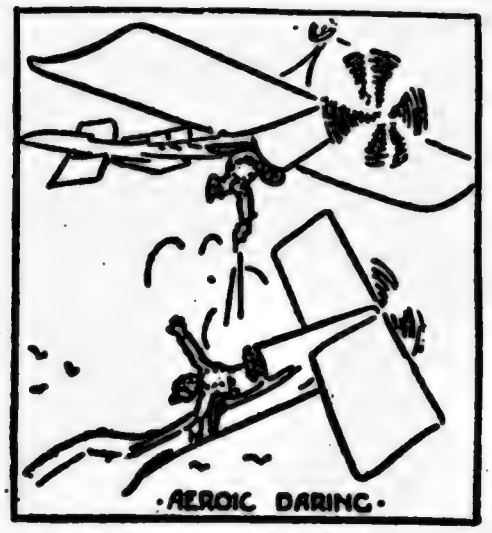
What of your prayers, when the Altar stairs
Are full of the dead you've slain?
You've hacked your way through—ah, what of the hue
Of the crime of sacked Louvain?
We make no boasts to the God of hosts,
But our faith is calm and strong,
That in God's own way He will soon repay—
When the Right has conquered Wrong.

George S. Astins.

Mr. Bottomley's Great Speech now ready. Ask for "Bottomley's Battle Cry"—1d.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

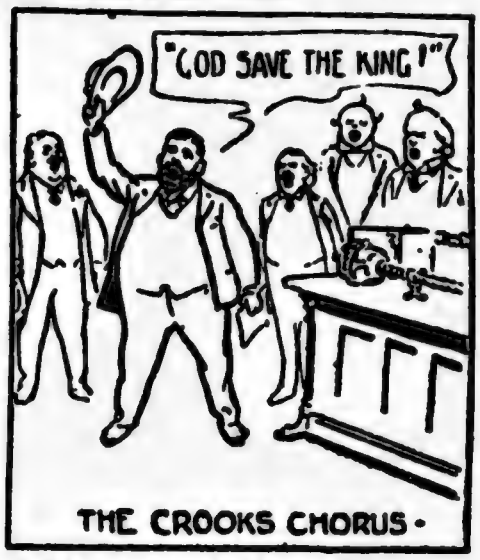


As on the sea, so in the air
Britannia is supreme!
Nothing her airmen will not dare
To shatter Wilhelm's dream.

The perjured Kaiser's sly attempt
A patchwork peace to make
His Majesty treats with contempt—
Britain is now awake.

Blankets our gallant lads require,
For if they're warm at night,
By day the coolness we admire
Will help them in the fight.

The Prince and others who must stay
To guard their native shore,
Envy the boys who're sent away,
And vote their fate a bore.



Led by the erstwhile Weeping Will,
M.P.'s, inspired, upspring
And sing "God Save the King," until
St. Stephen's rafters ring.

For sympathy of Uncle Sam
The German vainly goes:
"What sorter fool d'ye think I am?"
Says he, and taps his nose.

SHALLOW AND THE SOLDIER'S SIRE.

THE PET "TOMMY" LEFT BEHIND HIM AT BEITH.

At the Court holden at Beith, Ayrshire, on Monday, the 17th August last, an old man named James Brannan, residing at the Trap, in Beith Parish, was cited to appear before the Bench, charged with the hideous crime of keeping a dog without a collar. He was found guilty and fined 5s.

So much for the bare facts of the case, which has excited the just indignation of the people of Beith. Now for some of the extraneous circumstances, of which no account appears to have been taken. The little dog, the cause of all the trouble, was the harmless pet of the old man's son, Joe Brannan, who was called up to serve with his regiment, the Connaught Rangers, and who, before rejoining, left it in his father's care until his return. One day, Mrs. Brannan, an old lady of about seventy years of age, allowed the dog to run out without a collar. Five shillings may not be a great deal of money to the Justices who imposed the fine, but to Mr. Brannan, who is in poor circumstances, *and has four sons serving in the Army*, they represent a sum out of all proportion to the offence of which he was not personally guilty. The case was brought to the notice of the Secretary for Scotland, who, as one might have expected, replied that he had no power to act. We leave the officious policeman to the contempt of his townsmen. But the shallow pates on the Beith Bench we reserve for our own castigation. They are a blot on Beith, an insult to Ayrshire, and a [illegible] to Scotland.

SAUERKRAUT'S EXCURSION.

Herr von Sauerkraut went for a spree,
As blithely as your please;
"Mein first shtop shall be Brussels," said he,
"Und there I'll take mein ease."

To Brussels he went, and caused a din,
Painting the old town red;
"My negst exgursion shall be Paree,"
The Herr von Sauerkraut said.

"Then, afderwarts, ho for London town!
Which won'd be long, I drust;
Mein gootness, ain'd it fine to be me,
When oud upon the bust!"

But lo, behold! when Paris he neared,
A fit of nerves he got;
He said, "Mein welcome would be too warm,
One leedle bit too hot!

"Und, as for London, it don'd seem goot
For me, as things now are,
To make the drip, I'd better shtop short—
I'd nefer ged so far!

"Hallo, vot is diss? ein telegram?—
'Come back quick to Berlin—
Drop Paris and London—you're wanted here—
You've got the brokers in!'"

Profit and Pastime are provided by "Bullets." First Prize £250.

TAXATION WITHOUT TEARS.

£16,000,000 A YEAR GOING A-BEGGING.

By Herbert Vivian.

(When the war is over, we shall be looking for new sources of revenue, and we gladly publish the following proposal—which is an elaboration of a suggestion which we have more than once thrown out to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.)

I wonder if Mr. Lloyd George can be persuaded to listen to a proposal for raising £16,000,000 by a tax which no one would have the slightest objection to pay.

At first blush such a tax sounds possible only in fairy-land, but here is a plan which combines simplicity and equity with respect for political economy. If Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill had thought of it, they would have been the first to make the proposal themselves. There might even have been disputes over the honour of conceiving it.

So far, the chief, if not the only, sources of taxation have been income, land, trade and food (which embraces drink). All these are highly unpopular, and will soon have reached their natural limits. Yet a little while and capital will be driven out of the country, land will go out of cultivation, trade will be ruined, the people will be starved. That at least is the conclusion of many prudent financiers.

The new idea is to impose a tax of

One Per Cent. on All Purchases of £5 and Over.

This, of course, would not apply to trade purchases. The bill-drafters would have to exercise some ingenuity in defining a trade-purchase. One suggestion is "anything bought for the purpose of selling again," but it is obviously impossible to tax intentions. There need, however, be no real difficulty in determining what is and what is not a *bona fide* commercial enterprise. The Moneylenders' Act has already solved this problem to some extent. If you habitually lend money at interest, if you make a practice of doing so for a living, you must be registered; otherwise you are not affected.

The new tax would touch only private purchases. It would be a perfectly fair tax. Indeed, it seems unfair to omit it. At present all real estate, inhabited houses, and other immovable property are taxed; even the transfer of stocks and shares does not escape.

Why Allow Movable Property to go Free?

It is not right to make one man pay because he buys railway shares, and to let off another because he prefers to buy old china. As the law stands, we penalise thrift by adding to the cost of reproductive property; we tacitly encourage frittering away money on what may be intrinsically worthless.

As a matter of fact, the new tax would not discourage anybody; it could not possibly do the slightest harm to trade; it would not even penalise luxury. A man who is going to spend £5 on a saddle or a musical instrument is not to be stopped by the fact that he will have to pay a shilling stamp duty. What would £5 be in addition to the £500 you are giving for a racehorse? Or £20 added to the £2,000 for a picture? Or even £100 added to the £10,000 for a string of pearls? The addition to the cost would be so small that no one would ever bother his head about it for an instant. Even the most timid of legislators will not dare to suggest that a paltry one per cent. would drive purchasers to go abroad or send abroad for their requirements.

A Voluntary Tax.

Years and years ago I was associated with the late Mr. Auberon Herbert in a campaign for voluntary taxation. I started a candidature at Bradford, and he ran a weekly newspaper supporting this main plank of individualism. The argument was that a man's money is his own. Therefore the State has no right to take it away from him for any purpose, however beneficent. If I do not use the roads, why should I pay for them? If I do, a toll-gate will tax me in exact proportion to the advantages I enjoy. The Post Office receives voluntary taxes: if I do not write letters or send telegrams, it receives nothing from me. When people—including Charles Bradlaugh, himself an individualist—objected that no one would subscribe for the navy or the police, we shrugged our shoulders and said we had a higher opinion of the patriotism of our fellow-countrymen.

Of course, voluntary taxation is a counsel of perfection, which could not be applied to the Budget as a whole. But here, in a one per cent. tax on purchases over £5, we have an excellent example. Those who want to evade it have only to limit their purchases.

Automatic Action.

Another immense advantage would be the absence of vexatious inquisitions, nowadays far too popular with ministries of finance. Private citizens would not be subjected to interrogatories about their possessions or their profits. It would simply be enacted that a stamp should be affixed on the completion of each transaction. Both purchaser and vendor would be held responsible if stamps were not affixed, and fines might be imposed. The plan would work as smoothly as that for receipt stamps, already in existence.

Surely this sort of automatic tax-gathering is infinitely preferable to the official espionage, which grows in oppression every year. Why should poor wretches, who ask only to keep to themselves their honourable struggles, difficulties and anxieties, be harried and tortured with publicity?

A tax of even 5 per cent. on purchases would be a welcome relief after some of the fiscal persecutions of the day. Remember that 5 per cent. means merely paying guineas instead of pounds. Those of us who let furnished houses are quite accustomed to allow house-agents to turn our guineas into pounds.

But this tax is not capable of indefinite expansion, as Mr. Lloyd George might imagine if he ever adopted it. Its virtue lies in its moderation. What constitutes moderation is perhaps as difficult to define as what constitutes a crowd. The only way to find out what people will stand is obviously to put them to the test, and that as delicately and cautiously as possible, feeling the way with infinite prudence, like subterranean explorers who know not what pitfalls may lie before them.

There is a Servian proverb which says, "Sheep exist to be shorn" (*ovtse vu da se strige*). At least let them be shorn according to the most scientific methods.

Had your "John Bull" Pen yet? If not, get it now.

LESTER, THE "BESTER."

IMPUDENT IMPOSTOR BEING BROUGHT TO BOOK.

Of all the impudent rascals with whom we have ever come into conflict—and the bulkiness of our card index bears irrefutable testimony to their gigantic number—we think Herbert Lester, of 49, Dover Street, Piccadilly, easily takes the palm for unblushing lying effrontery and dishonesty. From all parts of the country—but usually from spots remote from London—we have received copies of a circular got up to imitate a typewritten letter. It bears Lester's name and what purports to be his address, followed by the description "Competition Judge," and is headed "Rigidly Confidential." Lester introduces himself as a "Competition Adjudicator," and offers to place the recipient "at the top of the winning list," in this manner:—

> I will send to you two solutions that you must enter in "Bullets" No. 103 contest (JOHN BULL, dated September 19th). When your coupon arrives it will be placed before my superior, and it will be pointed out to him that it is your address. He, noting the excellent lines, by my advice will award you the prize.

The offer of disgraceful service is, of course, contingent upon payment—5s. down and (to make his trap plausible) 25 per cent. of the big prize. The fact that this document is printed and has therefore obviously been sent out in immense numbers should, in itself, be enough to convince anybody receiving it that it is bogus. We need hardly say that no such person as Lester has ever been upon the staff of this journal, nor is it possible for any adjudicator to foist an effort upon the Board of Judges in this manner, the best lines submitted being considered over and over again by competent persons, and finally decided upon by the Editor.

We made immediate inquiries at 49, Dover Street—to find, as we expected, that it was an accommodation address at which letters addressed to Lester had been received.

The matter is in the hands of the police, so for the present we reserve further comment.

BRUNS, OF BERLIN.

THE REAL RECORD OF THE ALBION RECORD COMPANY.

That colossal ramp, the English Record Company—which we exposed in our columns on many occasions during its brief existence in 1911 and 1912—came to an inglorious end in October of the latter year. The principal cause of its collapse was the utter bad faith with which it treated its customers and its gross internal mismanagement. Its offers were stigmatised by the late Judge Edge, in the Clerkenwell County Court, as "those catch-penny advertisements likely to mislead people," and innumerable complaints were made as to its trading methods. From its ashes arose the Albion Record Company, registered on October 22nd, 1912, with a capital of £5,000 in £1 shares. Though its treatment of its customers does not seem to be an improvement on that of its predecessor, our immediate concern is to point out the fact that its entire capital, except six shares, is registered in the name of Otto Bruns, of 34, Bismark Strasse, Staglitz, Berlin. Herr Bruns is also a director, but in the present circumstances hardly an active one. One of our readers, who has experienced difficulty in keeping up his payments for a gramophone, has asked our advice as to what he shall do, an agent for the Company having threatened to claim back the machine. Inasmuch as the Company is practically a one-man concern, formed to enable Herr Bruns, of Berlin, to trade over here, and as trading with subjects of the enemy resident abroad is forbidden, we advise our correspondent to show the agent the door, when next he calls, and to invite him to recover the machine by legal process. We should then obtain some expression of opinion on the part of the Court as to the position of Herr Bruns, of Berlin, who, following the impudent lead of his "English" predecessors (the shareholders in which—as we pointed out at the time—were mainly Germans) dares to trade in Great Britain as the Albion Record Company, Limited. The fact that he does so, should, like his rubbishy gramophones, "speak for itself."

MORE BUNGLING.

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY.

Frank Grafton Gibbs, a lawyer's clerk, being told by his employers that his services might not be required after the expiration of a few weeks, made up his mind to join either the Army or the Navy.

His wife has been for the last three months in Brompton Hospital suffering from consumption, and it is believed by the authorities that she cannot live long. Her entreaties, both verbal and in letters—piteous in the extreme—have so far prevented him from carrying out his intention of joining the Colours. He conceived it his duty first to see that every possible comfort and attention, which he alone could give, should be extended to his wife before her death.

Now, a few days ago, a person called at the Admiralty, described as of medium height, stout, and about 50 years of age, having grey hair, a moustache between red and grey, and wearing glasses. He told some officials there that Gibbs was a deserter from the Navy. He went so far as to state that Gibbs' employer had told him that he also knew the man to be a Naval deserter. He declined to give his name, and left.

Upon this information someone named Adams (presumably some officer or official at the Admiralty) instructed the Police at Bow Street, with the result that on Monday the 7th September, at about 2 o'clock—a Detective Officer called at the offices of Gibbs' employers and after making certain enquiries arrested him upon his entering the premises. He was then taken by the Detective Officer to Bow Street, where he saw the Inspector.

That gentleman recognised Gibbs as a lawyer's clerk frequently seen at Bow Street Police Court and other places. He anticipated that some error had been made, and sent the Detective who had effected the arrest to the Admiralty with him. Here, after going through the formality of obtaining a pass, and awaiting the return of Mr. Adams from his lunch, they succeeded in interviewing him and convincing him that in fact Gibbs was not a deserter.

Ultimately he was released, after some considerable interrogation—wholly unwarranted and impertinent.

It is inconceivable that the authorities could so wantonly interfere with the liberty of a subject, as to instruct the Police to arrest a man only upon the information of a cowardly person, declining to give his name, and having obviously some spite in his mind. It was done moreover without even taking the precaution to enquire whether a man named Frank Grafton Gibbs ever had been a member of the Naval Service, much less had deserted it.

The young man in question now states that—whatever may happen to his wife—whether she lives or dies, he will have nothing whatever to do with either of the branches of the National Defence.

This is not the way to get recruits.

WAR NURSERY RHYMES.

Rock-a-bye, Kaiser, rocky on top,
While the war wages your Empire shall rock;
When the war ceases your Empire shall fall,
Down will come Kaiser and Empire and all!

Little Bill Kaiser,
Should have been wiser,
A wasp's nest he happened to spy;
He stuck in his thumb,
Which made the wasps hum,
And he said, "What a damphool am I!"

Ride a War Horse
A frontier across,
See a tin Cæsar
On his white horse;
A sword in his fingers,
Jack-boots on his toes—
He shall have ginger
Wherever he goes!

Final Coupon this week. £1,000 for a Football forecast. See page 2 of Cover.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., Prime Minister.

DEAR MR. ASQUITH,—I learn that Lord Kitchener's appeal for men has been so far successful that the first contingent of half-a-million approaches completion. To you, as a champion of the voluntary system, this result must be a matter of supreme gratification and intense relief. You will realise, I am sure, that its achievement imposes a solemn duty upon those of us who remain at home, and a deep obligation of honour upon the Government of which you are the head. From scores of these brave fellows grave complaints have reached me, not—be it said, on their own behalf, but for the sake of their helpless dependents. You well know what I mean. Yet, in almost every instance, the protest has been qualified by a stern resolve that, at all costs, the nation must be served. This is a spirit with which you dare not trifle. Britain demands justice for her gallant defenders. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Louis Botha, Prime Minister of the Dominion of South Africa.

DEAR PREMIER,—In discussing South African affairs, I have never minced my words, and, at times, I have had hard things to say about your policy. A happier duty now impels me to address you. Your attitude in the present crisis has been all that I could desire, and has gone far to remove the misgivings which some of us have felt. We are willing, as you suggest, "not to expect quite the same enthusiasm about the war" amongst your Dutch compatriots as amongst ourselves, so long as we can be assured that, again in your own words, "there is not the slightest disloyalty." With pleasure I note that you are already preparing to strike stout blows for Britain. More power to your arms! JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. C. E. Hobhouse, M.P., Postmaster-General.

SIR,—I am sure you are anxious to do your best for all of us at this juncture, and I therefore venture to approach you upon a matter of much commercial importance. As a result of the war, the cost of cabling has enormously increased, chiefly owing to the embargo which has been placed upon messages in code. I do not dispute the wisdom of this precaution, but I am informed that it has worked the gravest hardship to British merchants, especially to those engaged in Indian and Colonial trade. In some lines, cabled orders have almost wholly ceased, with consequences upon which I need not enlarge. It has occurred to me that, without peril to our belligerent interests, the existing situation might be sensibly eased. I beg you to give some thought to the matter and to lose no opportunity of urging it upon the consideration of your naval and military colleagues. JOHN BULL.

To John Redmond, Esq., M.P.

DEAR MR. REDMOND,—Your speech in the House the other day is a full, complete and in every way satisfactory, answer to the questions I addressed to you last week. You have denounced the "little wretched rags" which are preaching sedition against our King and country and have declared yourself the unalterable friend of Britain in this hour of trial. You even joined in singing the National Anthem as the House broke up. God bless you for it! The "Irish question" is solved. JOHN BULL.

To the Registrar-General, London.

SIR,—Can nothing be done to prevent people from saddling their babies with grotesque and stupid names? At every period of national excitement this mania occurs, and, just now, it threatens to pass all bounds. Already I hear of Alsace Lorraine Jones and Louvain Nicholls, and soon we may expect to meet with Heligoland Smith or Konigsberg Brown. I am averse to official interference, as you know, but this kind of thing is really too bad. Your District Registrars should have power to reject any name which is obviously likely to burden and annoy its possessor, and I shall be glad if you can see your way to issue some such rule. If you need special authority, for Heaven's sake, get it. The thing is too silly for words. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—While retracting none of my criticisms of your Department, I am ready to welcome your recent activities as belated signs of grace. You seem to have stirred the torpor of some of his Majesty's Consuls, and I gather that some of their latest reports have been worth rather more than the paper upon which they were written. Indeed, I am assured that one or two of these gentlemen have at length betrayed a dawning realisation of the purpose of their official existence. It has taken a European war to effect this prodigy, but I am sure you will spare no effort to conserve the advantage gained. Personally, I shall not expect any substantial improvement until the Consular Service is thrown open to the best business talent of the Empire. And, of course, those German interlopers must have "the order of the boot." That's settled, isn't it? JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Sir Thomas Bowater, Lord Mayor of London.

DEAR LORD MAYOR,—It doubtless was news to you when you read that you have declared against the war: a German newspaper said so. Another informed its readers that Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, is to be hanged. I am writing to the Herr Bethmann-Holweg, the Germhun Chancellor, to learn whether Mr. Asquith is to be immersed in boiling oil and Mr. Churchill cut off from his base to make prime Hamburg sausage. I could not rest if I did not know the worst. Will ring you when I have the reply. JOHN BULL.

To Sir A. S. Scott-Gatty, K.C.V.O., Garter Principal King of Arms, Windsor.

SIR,—That so bloody and brutal a brood as the Kaiser, the Kaiser's brother, and the Kaiser's son the Crown Prince, should still be members of the Most Noble and Honourable Order of the Garter is astounding; that the Companionship, with the King-Emperor at their head, should hesitate to remove their names from the roll and trample underfoot their banners flaunting insult to God and man in the Garter Chapel of Windsor, is unthinkable. Yet I am informed that because there is no precedent for such a step "no immediate decision can be expected." Sir, I do not know whether you await the command of the Sovereign to summon the Companionship to meeting. All I know is that the nation—nay more, the whole Empire—expects that no kinship of the Sovereign to the Kaiser shall serve to protect, from just retribution, the royal hell-hends who have plunged Europe into Armageddon, and inspired, patronised and extenuated the infamous atrocities of the Huns in Belgium and France. They have defamed the Order, these blood-stained enemies of our King and country and of humanity, civilisation and justice. Let the Most Noble and Honourable Companionship do their duty without further delay or hesitation, or talk no more of nobility and honour; for they will have grievously compromised both. JOHN BULL.

To E. L. Tomlin, Esq., and G. S. Hancock, Esq., Justices of the Peace, Staplehurst, Kent.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I must tell you that I have not a very high opinion of the system—favoured, I see, by you among other magistrates—of bargaining with prisoners in the dock; for instance, if a man has put somebody's face into mourning, or trodden all over his grandmother, I am by no means convinced that justice is met or mercy is triumphant by making him marry the girl or agree to go into a home of refuge for sinners. As to the way you actually dealt with Bill Finch, the labourer, for "stealing four brooms, two side lines, and 21 lbs. of soap"—well, 'pon my word, you nearly stop my breath. Having let him off on his promise to enlist in the Army, he carried out his part of the bargain by going with a policeman to the Drill Hall; but when he returned with his escort, lamenting that the official recruiter would not have him because he was below standard and damaged in one eye, you promptly gave him twenty-one days' hard labour, whether for purloining the goods or being narrow round the chest and wandering about with a defective optic, I am bothered if I know. For this reason, I must ask you to be good enough to explain by early post, with the object of clarifying the judicial position. JOHN BULL.

Last chance to win our £1,000 Football Prize. Final Coupon. See page 2 of Cover.

ST. JOHN AND THE DRAGON.

A LONG TIME DYING!

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE PEACE-MAKER.

Pacivist (*after fellow-passengers' cheers for a passing troop train have subsided*): I'm afraid we, as a nation, are in danger of glorifying the profession of arms. If you cheer soldiers with such enthusiasm, how much more heartily should you hail the men who will bring about peace!

Working Man: They *are* the men, guv'ner. Thet's wot they're goin' ter fight fur, ain't it?

Pacivist: That is how you militarists try to deceive yourselves. You know the Word saith, "He that taketh the sword shall perish with the sword."

Working Man: Well, the Kayser's took the sword, an' 'e's bloomin' well goin' ter perish with it, an' our chaps er goin' ter do their bit towards it.

Pacivist: "'Vengeance is Mine,' saith the Lord, 'I will repay.'" Do not forget that, my friend.

Working Man: Thet's orl right, so fur as it goes. But there's gotter be a *h*instrerment fur vengeance, ain't there?. Very well; *we're* the *h*instrerment.

Pacivist: That's an arrogant presumption. The Lord has His own way of punishing the evil doer. Our part is to love our enemies, bless them that hate us, and show kindness unto them that despitefully use us.

Working Man (*aryly*): I see Then I s'pose we oughter sit quiet w'ile the Bloody Butcher of Berlin goes on murderin' wimmin an' children in Belgium? Say, mister, 'ave yer got enny kids of yer own?

Pacivist: I am sorry to say I am not blessed with children.

Working Man: Good thing fur them, I sh'd say. But s'pose you 'ad, 'ow would yer like ter see 'em shot darn before yer eyes? Would yer leave vengeance ter the Lord then, guv'ner, or would yer do yer best ter send the murderer to 'ell?

Pacivist (*with a characteristic squirm*): I am not speaking in a personal or individual sense. I am referring to our duty as a nation. We must not allow passion to sway us when coming to a settlement. We must not try to exact the maximum of compensation from our enemies, or seek to humiliate a proud people over much.

Working Man (*scornfully*): D yer think *anythink* would compensate fur the 'ellish things they've done? D yer think *anythink* would 'umiliate scum like them?

Pacivist: We want a lasting settlement—not to leave the seeds of hatred behind.

Working Man: We're goin' to *'ave* a larstin' settlement! We're goin' ter clip the Kayser's wings so as 'e'll never fly agin. We're goin' ter take 'is fleet, fur one thing.

Pacivist: That would be a great mistake. He would feel that more than anything. How could you expect friendly relations to be re-established between him and ourselves if we hurt his pride in its most sensitive spot?

Working Man: Friendly relashuns between 'im an' hus! Never no more! 'E's goin' ter be marooned on an island, mister, w'ere 'e carn't do no more mischief!

Pacivist: I trust the Government will never be a party to such a crime as that!

Working Man: It'll be a crime if they ain't! We don't want no friendly relashuns wiv Germany not till she's learnt 'er manners. A lot o' good friendly relashuns wiv Germany 'ave done us up ter nar! She's forced us ter spend nfty million a yer on the Fleet, she's put our chaps outer work wiv sweated labour; she's——

Pacivist: She was one of our best customers, friend.

Working Man: P'raps she was, but it warn't no profit to us. The nfty million a year she made us spend on the Fleet swallowed up orl the profit in trade wiv Germany.

Pacivist (*nonplussed*): I was in Germany a few months ago, and found everywhere expressions of goodwill towards England.

Working Man: Corse you did. They weighed you up. They could see you wos a peace-at-any-price merchant, an' jest played up to yer. An' I tell yer wot, mister, it's yore sort wot's responsible fur orl this; an' if you'd 'ad a bit more of yer own way we'd be seein' the same thing goin' on in England as wot's bin 'appenin' in Belgium. I'm gittin' art 'ere, mister. It ain't my stashun, but I'm agoin' ter change me kerridge. I don t like the smell of yer.

A "PERKY" LETTER.

PULLING A CONTEMPORARY'S LEG.

The following letter from Sir Robert Perks appeared in the *Globe* one day last week:—

> Whatever may be the political and social changes in Europe as a consequence of the war, it is absolutely certain that business men in this country will have to face and solve, both on land and sea, new commercial and industrial problems of great magnitude.
>
> This being the case, it will become more than ever necessary that members of future Governments, and our representatives in Parliament, should be business men of recognised experience, who can rely for support on a fearless, well-informed, and independent public press.
>
> Even before the outbreak of the war, the *Globe* foresaw the weak point in our national armour when it directed attention, as our American critics have so often done, to the insignificant part which bankers, merchants, and manufacturers take in British Parliamentary life.
>
> May I be allowed to congratulate you on the signal success with which you have already carried out the programme which you announced last July, and also upon the remarkable accuracy of your statements upon many business questions; and the wisdom of the advice you have given.
>
> During the progress of the war, and when war is over, as new trade problems arise, we shall look to your paper for bold leadership upon the issue which the *Globe* has brought so prominently to the front.
>
> Perhaps I may be allowed as a Liberal, who sat in Parliament for nearly 20 years, to add that your paper will exert greater influence now that you deal with these important commercial and industrial questions, as they ought to be handled, from a non-party point of view.

Of course, it was intended for John Bull!

TOMMY SAID——!

(Lines on hearing a minister say that it was awful to think that our soldiers used bad language on the battlefield, as they never knew when they might have to meet their Maker.)

It's all very well for the parson,
To tell us we mustn't cuss,
'Cos he's safe stuck in the pulpit,
But blimey wot price us?

For there ain't a man in a thousand,
In a charge with prayer on his lips,
He just grips his lance or rifle
His tongue—well, it sorter slips.

Supposin' you lie in the trenches,
With yer hand on yer rifle butt,
And yer pal's shot dead beside ye,
You should say—I suppose—"Tut, tut."

But ye don't, oh! blimey, ye don't,
There's a lump in yer throat that 'urts,
And zip from the mouth of yer rifle
Yer revenge goes out in spurts.

And ye cuss and *cuss* and cuss
The man who shot yer mate,
If he gets all ye wish him,
Well, his is a horrible fate.

When Tommy's at the Judgment seat
And Gabriel scans the screed,
He'll smile and maybe, pipe his eye.
And think he needn't read.

That Tommy said a naughty word,
Like damn, or blast, or hell—
As for his country Tommy fought
And for his country fell.

William Gourlay.

Now on sale everywhere—"Bottomley's Battle Cry," 1d.

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TRAMP! TRAMP!! TRAMP!!! the Boys are Marching.

And nothing makes the road seem smoother; nothing makes the work seem lighter, than a pipe between a man's teeth.

At a time like this we all have a man serving his country, and everyone feels they must do something—send something; to friend—sweetheart—brother—husband.

Nothing could be so welcome as "THE ALLIES' CASKET," which contains a real solid silver-mounted French Briar; a dozen handy pipe-cleaners, and a handsome leather Tobacco Pouch, on which is stamped in letters of gold "The Allies, 1914."

The outfit is particularly handsome—every pennyworth of value is in the pipe and pouch—the casket is not charged for.

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ONLY 2/6 POST FREE.

Many purchasers are so delighted with the casket that they have ordered larger quantities to send to their friends' friends and comrades, so we have decided to make the following

FREE OFFER.

On all orders for eight "ALLIES' CASKETS" enclosing 20/- in payment, we will send one extra casket free of charge, making nine in all for 20/-

Please fill in the Form below—To the PATRIOTIC PIPE COMPANY, Lincoln House, 256-262 High Holborn, London, W.C.

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Address .....

.....

J.B. 10 per cent. of the profits will be given to the Prince of Wales' Relief Fund.

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"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

OUR APPEAL FOR IMMEDIATE HELP FOR THE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

It gives us great pleasure to say that—thanks to the generous response of our readers to our appeal—we have been able to send immediate relief to many soldiers' wives who had been suffering acute distress. Space prevents our giving details of all these cases, but we select the following as typical:—

The younger son of a widow has gone to the war; his elder brother is out of work through it—so the poor woman (who is 58) has to go charing, whenever she can get a job. She is, of course, not entitled to any allowance from the War Office—and even the deduction from the lad's pay which he apportioned to her has not been sent her; whilst the officials who are administering the Prince of Wales' Fund tell her that her out-of-work son must keep her or she must go into the workhouse—they can grant her nothing! We have allowed her £1, which we hope will be of some assistance until the War Office remit her son's pay.

A chauffeur, who enlisted when his master failed on the outbreak of hostilities, left his wife in the confident expectation that she could rely upon the due receipt of the separation allowance. He has now been away four weeks, but not a penny has been received from the War Office or the Prince's Fund. The case is made the more urgent by the fact that she is sheltering a sister, who has been betrayed, and whom her parents (who pose as very religious people) refuse to take back. To meet pressing needs we have sent £1, and we are endeavouring to arrange for the girl (who is only 18) to be looked after until her trouble is over.

The father of three children—a Canadian—had only been in this country a short time when, owing to the war, he lost his employment. He promptly enlisted, anticipating that his wife would be able to keep the home going on the Government allowance. The poor wife soon found, however, that before she could get a penny she would have to produce her marriage certificate, which had been left behind in Canada. She has now written for it, and we have sent her £2 with which to support herself and children pending its receipt.

A widow has six sons serving with the colours, four of whom used to contribute towards her support. She applied at the local Town Hall for relief from the Prince's Fund, and they referred her to the Charity Organisation Society—who sent her away empty-handed! We have given her £2 and are endeavouring to obtain for her relief from the great fund which the public have subscribed.

An "unofficial" wife has six children, the youngest 5 months old. The "husband" was out of work some weeks prior to enlisting—so left his home in a deplorable state of destitution, and the prospect of ameliorating matters very remote, as the mother is, of course, not entitled to the separation allowance. We have given the woman £2, and hope to hear soon that she is receiving assistance from the Prince's Fund—all the soldier can do is to leave her half-pay, namely, 3s. 6d. a week.

A distracted Kentish Town mother, with two children, cannot obtain the separation allowance due to her in respect of her husband's service—in fact, she had no money whatever (even the man's half-pay not having been received) when we sent her £1. We hope this will enable her to exist until she receives her due.

Another Reservist's wife, left with two children, is in a delicate state of health. Her husband has been away for four weeks. She, too, has received nothing from the authorities—so we have forwarded £2.

A Bow woman, with three sons in the Army, is entitled to only a few shillings a week, in the shape of a portion of the pay of each lad, and of this meagre sum she has not yet had a penny. We have had pleasure in sending her £2.

In Manchester there is a widowed mother with two lads at the front. She has received a few shillings from one of them, but can get nothing from any official fund—so we have given her £1.

A Stirling woman, whose husband is serving with our cavalry, is left with three children. No separation allowance has yet come to hand, nor has any grant been made from the Prince's Fund. We have accordingly sent her £2.

The wife of one of our gallant sailors who lost their lives in the sinking of the *Pathfinder*, is only 24 years of age, though she is left with two children, aged two and three. Her father—her only near relative—is blind. In due course she will receive some compensation (though we fear but small in amount) from the Admiralty. Meantime we have sent her £2 for immediate necessities.

A prospective mother—the wife of a Naval Reservist—through not understanding the formalities incidental to the grant, is unable to get the half-pay which her husband directed was to be paid to her. As she is in very urgent need of help we have sent £1.

A Camberwell married man, who had been out of work for some months, enlisted. He left a wife and child, who have received neither separation allowance, half-pay, nor anything from the Prince's Fund. We have, therefore, sent her £1.

A Reservist, "unofficially" married, was suddenly called to the colours, leaving his "wife" and three children. She, of course, is not eligible for separation allowance, although all her children are registered in the Reservist's name. He has set apart for her out of his pay 9d. per day, but this, of course, is absurdly insufficient for a family of four. We have sent them £2, and trust that some means may be devised to assist during the whole course of the war these sad cases—in which the "sins of the fathers" are indeed "visited upon the children."

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following donations:—

G. W. R., 1s.; G. E. R., 1s.; "Baby R.," 1s.; H. J. H., 10s.; F. H., 2s.; I. G., 2s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; R. C., 1s.; K. A., £1; M. N., 2s. 7½d.; A. McC. (Co. Antrim), 2s.; J. H., 10s.; "Antipas," 3s.; E. D., £1; "Kayjay," £1; "Rene and Tom," 1s.; M. D., 1s.; "Crusher," 6d.; W. O., 6d.; J. P., 5s.; K. P., 1s.; A. W. P., 1s.; J. S., 5s.; A. W., 2s. 6d.; "JOHN BULL Reader," 2s. 6d.; "A Working Man," 5s.; "Anon" (Hong Kong), 1s. 6d.; A. G., 2s. 6d.; "Anon," 6d.; E. W., 1s.; "Anon," 1d.; "Cigarette Money," 1s.; W. G. X. (Grimsby), 10s.; "Pseudo," 1s.; G. E. C., 2s. 6d.; "Buddhist," 2s. 6d.; "Un Paien," 5s.; T. H., 1s.; W. L., 5s.; W. A. S., 2s.; "Iyo Marn," 2s. 6d.; "Anon," ½d.; G. G., 6d.; P. M. and A. M., 4s. 6d.; "Well-Wisher," 1s.; R. L., 1s.; F. W. T., 1s.; F. A., 10s.; "Gosporth," £1; "Dolly," 5s.; A. S., 1s.; H., 10s.; C. H. R., 1s. 6d.; A. F. C., 10s.; T. & A. P. (Lancaster), £1; S. B., 2s. 6d.; E. K., 2s. 6d.; G. G. W., £2; "A Chauffeur," 2s.; I. V., 5s.; "A Girl," 1s.; W. A. B., 1s.; A. W. H., 5s.; S. E. S., 2s.; "Eccles View," parcel; Mrs. H., parcel; "A Reader," parcel; A. R. A., £10; "Symp," 1s.; "Terry," 5s.; H. B., 6d.; "Two English Roses," 7s.; T. A. C., 2s. 6d.; H. B. (Oxford), 1s.; P. C., 1s.; J. W., 2s. 6d.; J. S., 5s.; W. G. L., 6d.; D. C., 1s.; C. B., 2s. 6d.; "The Employees of C. W. Limehouse," 12s.; "Edgar and Ivy," 2s.; J. H., 1s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; W. I., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.

Mr. F. R. Blackmore, the First Prizewinner in our 100th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £2.

"Bullets"—More special War Prizes to be won this week.

A beautiful full-colour Art Plate

PORTRAIT

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Sir John French

in his Field-Marshal's uniform
is presented

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The art plate measures 10 inches by 6¼ inches. You could not purchase a finer portrait of the great Commander-in-Chief if you paid one shilling at an art dealer's shop. It is well worth framing, and will grace the walls of either cottage or mansion.

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which contains

24 pages packed
with vivid War
Pictures

and see that you get the Colour Plate Portrait.

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JOHN BULL'S VARIETY TURNS.

THE GERMAN WAITER.

I am von Sherman vaiter,
  Der troot I'll nod gonceal,
Vor, if not soon, den later
  Der fact I must reveal:
I gome last year vrom Dusseldorf
  To learn der Englisch tongue—
No, I vill *nod* be hustled off
  Until mine song is sung!

Mine mutter und mine fader
  Are fery vell to do,
Der sausage in dere larder
  Vould mudge astonish you!
Dey send me moneys efery veek
  In gase I mide go short—
Dots vhy I loog zo blump und sleek,
  As all goot Shermans ought!

Bud I haf oder moneys
  Dot's sent me on der sly—
I don'd say *efery* von is,
  Bud *I'm* a Sherman sby!
I listen to der table talk
  Of dose on whom I vait,
Mit ears like vot you call an 'awk,
  To 'elp der Sherman State!

Dot's vhy I am gontented
  Mit vages dot are schmall,
On vich, if unaugmented,
  I could nod live at all!
I take der bread from out der mout
  Of Englisch vaiters so,
Who vait as vell, mitout a doubt,
  Egsept dot dey are slow.

I've alvays vound idt easy
  To get a vaiter's job,
For *us*, our Agents' fees 'e
  Reduces to a "bob"!
Because 'e's a gompatriot
  Und vaiting vor der "Day,"
Of gourse 'e vavours us a lot—
  Und makes der Englisch pay!

Der managers I vork vor
  Are alvays Shermans, too,
Und alvays on der lurk vor
  Some sbying vork to do;
Und ven dey must reduce deir staff
  Dey alvays sack der vorst—
Ve Sherman vaiters stay, nod 'arf!
  Der Englisch vons go first!

I do nod like der Englisch,
  I dink dey all are fools,
And, more dan anyding, vish
  To make off dem my tools;
So, dough at last 'as gome der "Day,"
  Und fall der Sherman brafe,
I haf made up my mind to stay
  In England—*vere it's safe!*

Und zo mine name I'm changing
  To Smith—it now is Schmidt;
Und, further, I'm arranging
  Mine Christian name to fit;
Negst veek I shall be naturalised
  As cheaply as I can,
Und I shall blossom forth disguised
  Joost like an Englischman!

So shall I still live mit you,
  Who vas a sby before,
Dough, if you had der vit, you
  Vould push me vrom your shore!
Here shall I lif, und tage der bread
  Vrom Englisch vaiters still,—
Else I mide lie amongst der dead
  Who've died vor Kaiser Bill!

W. M.

SOLDIERS
and SAILORS
need Handkerchiefs!

Give them
EXCELDA
HANDKERCHIEFS.

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

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We have received the following correct claims:—

JOSEPH ROTHERAM, 41, Adelaide Road, Sheffield. August 29. 353,209.
L. V. SMITH, 107, Duke Street, Barrow-in-Furness. August 29. 552,644.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 19th:—

014004	168081	376840	592919	842092
026803	182468	414342	619006	868364
031674	201919	430492	625990	893294
048933	214371	448698	654280	901367
062931	246882	451603	679646	947811
099413	269022	485207	692865	995829
122975	299876	513005	702027	998743
128454	328818	525707	768032	A007829
136823	334082	548909	777146	A029765
164086	349666	576072	802091	A131483

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published September 30th).

Be a sportsman for once and help the War Fund by supporting a winner at a good price and contributing a portion of your winnings to the "*Sporting Life* War Fund."

The advertiser, a well-known owner of many winners on the flat and over hurdles, employing many of our leading jockeys—proof, *John Bull*, the proprietor of which would not allow this advert. to appear if such was not the case—guarantees you a certain winner at a good price on receipt of the mere acknowledgment of One Shilling. *I am out to do you and the War Fund some good*, and I hereby bind myself to fulfil my part of the contract, by sending you a winner at a good price, when those who subscribe to the War Fund will have an opportunity of participating in the success of an animal to win both the *Duke of York Stakes* and the *Cambridgeshire* with a ten pound penalty. Address:—

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

GENERAL.

C. S. (Ilford) and OTHERS.—Many thanks for congratulations on our great Meeting. You will see by the announcement on page 1 that a full report of the Speech is now obtainable.

A. L.—Our late King Edward, of lovable memory, having been the Kaiser's uncle, the Butcher of Berlin and King George are consequently cousins.

N. K. S. (Cacrews).—The seventeenth decisive battle of the world was probably Sedan.

R. E. (Manor Park, E.).—We cannot say whether £40 is too much to pay for the materials to make 117 night-shirts for wounded soldiers, which Mrs. C. E. Green, of Theydon Grove, Epping, has undertaken to do; but we are certain of one thing—that we disapprove of these ladies' working parties, which deprive poor women of the work which is their livelihood.

C. M. (Workington) asks, "Why should German music-hall artistes be allowed to tour round England unhindered, when others have to keep within a certain radius?" *Are* they?

J. H. (North Finchley).—The average British soldier enjoys his pint of beer. Has it had any detrimental effect on his heroic conduct in the field? No. Then why try to make a snivelling teetotaler of him?

"MENS SANA" (Southampton) calls the Kaiser "one of history's noblest figures." "*Mens Sana*" should sign himself "*Non compos mentis.*"

A. W. (Brompton, S.W.).—It would not surprise us to hear that the Hon. Lieutenants and Quartermasters who were mixed up with the Canteen Case and put on retired pay have rejoined the Colours and are now doing good work for the Old Country.

J. S. (Shipley) avers that the manager of a certain hotel at Blackpool—"a Scotchman"—finding it necessary to reduce his staff of waiters, discharged two Englishmen and retained a German and an Austrian in his employ. We believe, and hope, that J. S. is mistaken in the name of the hotel as well as of its manager. He probably has in mind the "Carlton" in that town, managed by Max Gross, who was recently heavily fined for shielding another German possessed of firearms.

J. F. (Chelsea).—As you will see, we are publishing a report of our Opera House speech, but we are afraid *that* photo would scarcely bear reproduction!

"ENGLISHMAN" (Liverpool Buildings, N.) posted a letter to the Kaiser, informing him that he is "a bombastic ass," but the missive was returned by the Post Office marked "Undeliverable." Now "Englishman" wants his 2½d. back. He had better ask the Government to add it to the War indemnity.

W. S. G. (Haslemere).—You may pay your account to the British Petroleum Co. without hurting your patriotic conscience.

A. F. M. (Hadleigh).—It may be that Bramwell Booth *had* "rumbled" when, addressing the Hadleigh Farm Colonists, he said "You are a poor-looking lot, but don't the officers look well!" Let us hope so.

H. F. (Croydon).—You are obviously an alien enemy, and, being such, we are not entitled to give you the information you ask. It is British trade for British subjects just now; so you had better wait till the war is over.

"ROYAL FLEET RESERVE MAN" (Portsmouth) complains that he was charged 5d. at Miss Agnes Weston's Sailors' Home for a cup of tea and two sandwiches. As that lady dubs herself the "Sailors' Friend," he went there for cheapness.

"UNION JACK" (Littlehampton).—We not only think that all German and Austrian waiters should go, but German and Austrian hotel managers also. If Britishers refused to patronise hotels under alien management, the directors would soon see the error of their ways, and become patriotic, if only for the sake of their pockets.

C. W. (Handsworth) asks if it has occurred to us that the Kaiser's invasion of Belgium is like a chicken crossing the road—a foul proceeding. Yes, and no doubt the Devil egged him on.

A. R. B. (Barnstaple).—We should be interested to know why the Barnstaple Distress Committee refused to allow a representative of the Barnstaple and District Trades and Labour Council, representing about 1,000 trade unionists, to act with them. What are they afraid of?

"CAPTAIN KETTLE" (Manchester) charges "our merchant princes" with "want of pluck in not sending their ships away without paying war risks." Captain Kettle should stick to poetry and the accordion, as he evidently fails to grasp the enormous number of individual interests represented in a ship and her cargo.

"VISITOR" (Allerton).—If the people of Colwyn Bay continue to give coppers to the itinerant German band they have only themselves to blame for its continued presence.

L. G. H. (Brixton Hill).—We are pleased to hear that when addressing the Croydon North End Brotherhood, the Rev. A. J. Waldron, Vicar of Brixton, resisted the Chairman's attempt to muzzle him. After such an exhibition of fatuous bigotry, the Brotherhood would be well advised to get themselves a new Chairman.

N. F. B. (near Gravesend).—Your landlord is not entitled to turn you out until he has obtained the sanction of the County Court, which he is not likely to do in the present circumstances. If he should have carried out his threat before this reply appears, you will have a good case against him for illegal distress and should be able to obtain substantial damages.

H. W. (Birkenhead).—The reverend President of your football team had no legal right to veto your proposed trip to Blackpool if your committee had agreed to spend the balance of the club funds for that purpose. He bluffed you all nicely. His presidential donation of 2s. does not entitle him to dictate in the spending of £6, nor to threaten legal proceedings if his wishes are ignored. You appear to be his sheep in more than the religious sense.

S. J. (Thornton Heath).—If Winston Churchill said he was inquiring into the question of granting separation allowances to the wives and children of the seamen and petty officers of "the great silent fleet" who are "married off the strength," you may depend he is doing so; and we shall be surprised if the result is not satisfactory.

T. R. (Co. Durham).—We see no reason why *you* should not "make good" in Western Australia, but won't you have a smack at the Germans first?

"QUILL DRIVER" (Glasgow).—We would not trust Paterson and Co., the Mail Order House, of 51, Beak Street, Regent Street, W., any further than we could see them, if as far.

G. C. (Earlsfield, S.W.).—Certainly, what applies to German waiters applies also to German barbers. In future we shall insist on our hyacinthine locks being trimmed by British tonsorial artists only, and we hope our readers will do the same. We have always our own tame barber to fall back on, you see.

E. S. (Alfreton).—Our article "Food Before Rent" covers the matter.

"FAIR PLAY" (Battersea).—"Unless this country is more generous to the wives and children, the old soldiers at 36 in prime of life won't come up." We are agreed this country should be more generous.

"A STUDENT OF 'J.B.'" (London, E.C.).—Many thanks. We shall be back in the House of Commons as soon as ever possible.

W. A. P. (S. Stratford).—You are not clear. Do you wish us to understand that men waiting to pass the doctor for enlistment at Oxford are kept for days in outbuildings, "absolutely starving, with not a penny in their pockets, and full of vermin"? We are sorry to say that somewhat similar tales have reached us from many quarters.

T. I. (Greenwich).—"Clear the German traders out, then I will enlist." That is an excuse; not a reason.

"RAB" (Calton).—We don't think Lord Kitchener would let you go into battle with a wig. Even if he did, you would probably lose it before you got half through. Better enlist in your bald head, and go bald-headed for every Germhun you meet

Don't forget the Pen Coupon on page 2 of Cover.

K. E. (Philipstown).—You have our sincere sympathy in the loss of your husband.

H. J. (Burnley).—Glad you saw a row at the premises of the Lancashire Clothing Club. What surprises us is that there have not been more rows there, created by tricked and enraged customers.

E. C. (Lincoln).—The letter sent to you by B. A. Ferguson, the "missing heir" merchant, of 65, Elspeth Road, London, S.W., is a try on. We have already exposed this gentleman's little game.

"REGULAR READER" (Wallington) tells us of a gamekeeper on an estate at Merstham, Surrey, who sprinkles paraffin on the blackberries growing on the hedges round his woods. He should be made to eat them.

C. H. M. (Liverpool).—You must be wrong. Messrs. Brunner, Mond and Co. dare not trade with our enemies.

"FAIR DOES" (Bradford).—Without a doubt many mean and hard-shell business firms have taken advantage of the war to "make a bit" at the expense of their employees.

"ELLEN" (Chiswick).—Even a Bishop is entitled to a holiday, surely, if he has earned it and his vacation is of reasonable length. Bishoping is rather a busy job as things go, you know.

J. V. W. (W'stow).—There is no legal obligation on the 'bus companies to let recruits travel free.

A. M. (Surrey).—We do not edit the *Weekly Dispatch*. Protest at the right shop.

"IRONOPOLIS" (Middlesbro').—"If it is announced that for war purposes the Government have bought 178 horses at a cost of nearly £11,000 from Liverpool Corporation," the announcer is probably a thundering inexactitudinarian.

"JUSTICE" (Glasgow).—We note that the German seaman was buried with British military honours, but that a similar honour could not be given to the remains of the late Sergeant Ashfield, a hero of many fights, because the British military authorities were too busy. Leave it there.

J. B. (Finchley).—You have not "heard that the 6d. charged by the L.N. and W. Ry. Co. for admission to the N. Wall Station, Dublin, during the mobilisation has been given to any War Fund." We are also deaf.

T. E. S. (Barton).—Your whole case is vitiated by saying "a party of Germans (supposed)." We might just as well "suppose" they were Irish.

G. R. (Adelphi) agreed that the Swiss behaved very well indeed to stranded British tourists. And so did the Belgians.

"AT ONCE" (London).—You can safely go to the front without worrying about what German spies will do at the back. The policeman on the beat has them well in hand.

J. C. (N. Berwick).—You are in different case. There are firms who are working their staffs full time, and yet taking advantage of the war to reduce the wages of their employees by a third, or, in some cases, a half.

M. E. W. S. (L. Haccombe).—Lord Kitchener is hereby informed that you think the British Army should be equipped with 17-in. siege guns and long range air-craft ordnance. Whatever he chooses to order for the pop-off department will have our approval.

J. W. (St. Albans).—Men must make affectionate allowance for the distress of women amid the alarms of war. They are mothers and sisters and daughters and wives, and their loves are their all.

E. W. S. (Brixton).—It is not a question of tight boots, but of long, incessant marching.

J. E. (S.W.) agreed that doctors prescribing under the Insurance Act should boycott all German drugs or preparations where British equivalents are in the market.

A. V. (Mansfield).—It is an outrage to employ German turns and use German films in British music-halls and picture houses. Wherever possible, the British worker should be allowed to come into his own.

H. W. (Leeds).—We *do* believe "J. Schnurmann would have the cheek to take shelter in an umbrella shop until the rain was over."

J. G. (Woolwich).—"Notices asking for volunteers to fight are being received at the Lancers Depot at Woolwich." Think there is a humorist at the War Office?

P. B. (Brondesbury Park).—Our advice to you is to let the Transatlantic Trust Co., Ltd., 550, Salisbury House, E.C., keep their 7 per cent. preference shares; also their £750 a year appointment.

J. P. S. (Braebridge).—We made certain remarks about the matter some two years ago, but we do not think it would be right, at this time, to repeat our views.

"DORA" (Drumdoe).—You are very kind and generous. The trouble in all these things is overlapping and waste. We believe there is one journal in London appealing for contributions of tobacco.

H. M. (Barnsbury).—The law of British nationality is that all persons born in his Majesty's dominions, whether of British or foreign parents, are British subjects. They are not, however, *necessarily* denationalised thereby under the law of their parents' country.

S. T. S. (Seaforth).—"How farcical is creation, In creating such a man, Who seeks in his own damnation, His own damned nation to damn." You ask us how this appeals to us. Dare not say.

"GWALIAN" (Willesden).—"Where could I send swabs and heelpads that would be *used*?" They would probably not get beyond the depots, though, sent privately, they might reach the individual soldier. But would *he* use them, even so?

A. M. (Camberwell).—We cannot suggest any way by which you "could get to the front as a handy woman"; that is to say, not unless you could manage to pass the doctor as a handy man.

"AROLF" (Bayswater) wonders whether we have noticed that the letters in "England, France, Russia" equal 19, and in "Germany, Austria" 14; thus "1914." No; you are a discoverer.

"A YOUNG BULLITE" (Stockport).—How many more times must we say that our editorial columns are not supervised by the Advertisement Manager?

W. B. (Midlothian).—We note that the Press Bureau does not vouch for the statement that the Kaiser was recently heard lunching "Deutschland, Deutschland unter 'allies.'" It remains for our armies to confirm the fact.

W. B. (Hadleigh).—Our remarks about the Salvation Army Farm Colony have been confirmed from a dozen independent sources.

V. E. D. (Petrograd).—You, of course, have seen long ere this that JOHN BULL *has* "doffed his coat and rolled up his sleeves to take an active part in the fight."

"AN ENGLISHMAN" (London, S.E.).—So you think Sir Herbert Tree is morally disqualified for playing the peculiarly British part of Drake, because, according to *Burke*, he is the second son of Julius Beerbohm, of Clyde Park Place, was educated at Semepeuthal College, Germany, and has had conferred upon him the third class Order of the Prussian Crown. Many, doubtless, will agree with you. But as he was born in London, of an English mother, we think you are straining at a gnat. As for his German accent, the late King Edward had the same, but he was a good Briton for all that.

"CURS."—You have no grounds for speaking so harshly of the Jews, a large number of whom are serving in the British Army and fighting at the front.

L. H. (Southport).—If you were not an invalid—61 years of age—we should tell you very plainly what we think of your idea that employers should dismiss their single employees so as to force them, through sheer economic necessity, to enlist.

A. F. M. (Hadleigh) tells us that Salvation Army officials say they have friends in our office who disclose to them the names of our correspondents. That is a frigid and calculated Kaiserism!

L. B. (Gray's Inn Road).—As you will have seen, "Roberts and Roberts," the German "employment" agents, have now been disposed of by the police. And about time, too.

"PADDINGTON."—It is true that the independence of our Colonies rests upon the undefeated strength of the British Empire, and that if they were not moved to do so by patriotism, it would still be to their material interest to send contingents to help defend the Old Country. But they look upon it as a glorious privilege, which it is.

"WASTE NOT" (Holland Park, W.).—Your suggestion that the makers' names on German pianos might be obliterated by fire with a branding iron, with "Pro Patria" or some other suitable motto, and the instruments presented to needy institutions, is not a bad one.

W. F. F. (Wealdstone).—You are probably thinking of the "Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851, Evelyn Shaw, Secretary, 54, Victoria Street, S.W.," to which we referred sometime ago.

W. G. (Burnley).—We note that correspondence with the egregious Alpheus Bancroft, of Washington, U.S.A., results in an invitation from the M. A. Winter Company, of the same city, to act as agent for the sale of their Nalther Tablets, a quack medicine "put up in the form of highly polished sugar-coated chocolate coloured tablets." Only our love of animals would prevent our throwing such physic to the dogs.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the closing of the Stock Exchange and the great pressure on our space by other matter, we are this week compelled to hold over our City Notes and Legal, Financial and Insurance Letter Bag. Inquiries on these subjects, when accompanied by the usual shilling postal order, will be answered by letter.

£1,000 for Football. Final Coupon this week. See page 2 of Cover.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY.

The British sailor does not boast,
  In confidence he moves serene,
Protecting every yard of coast
  Where'er the Union Jack is seen;
He loves to laugh and joke until
  The time comes for his chat to cease,
For, when the cannon talk of war,
  It's then the sailor holds his peace!

His movements then are strong and swift,
  He bears himself alert, but grave,
In silence and in secrecy
  His ship is slipping through the wave;
When skies are low and winds are high,
  In yellow fog or blackest m rk,
That is the m m nt picked by him
  When he puts in his finest work.

When we sit down at breakfast time,
  And when we dine, and when we sup,
To him we owe the food we eat,
  The tea or coffee in our cup;
He keeps the long, long pathway free
  Down which the bul ing foodships come,
Safe from the ends of all the earth
  To our still open ports at home.

His is the hand that guards the stores,
  Without which we were like to starve,
In long procession to our shores,
  The track they traverse he doth carve;
No foe marauding dare attempt
  To stay the splendour of their trail,
For Jack is ready on the deck,
  The captain ready at the rail.

The patrol of the wide, wide sea
  He still maintains in ancient form,
The ocean knows no lord but he,
  Serene in calm, secure in storm;
The far horizons shall be scoured,
  And scrutinised from tide to tide,
No foeman's vessel shall be traced,
  No foeman's flag shall be descried.

Sneaking in harbour still they hide,
  Afraid to fight, athirst to skulk,
Each monster, once a fighting ship,
  Is now a useless, craven hulk;
Loath to put fortune to the test,
  Shrinking like vermin run to earth,
Sleep banished from their wild eyes lest
  They be torpedoed in their berth.

Ignobly safe in some grey bay,
  Slothfully idle have they lain,
While British sailors pilot all
  Their soldier brothers o er the main;
The sailor guards the chosen route
  Where, in processional array,
The troopships fling their pennons out,
  And not one voice dare say them nay.

And not one gun shall dare be fired
  Upon a crowded liner's track;
Triumphantly our ships glide forth,
  Triumphantly they saunter back;
From India, from Canada,
  The conq'ring legions shall be sped,
With not one life in jeopardy
  When Jack sings gaily, "Go ahead!"

May we, who fly the Flag at home
  In freedom and in liberty,
Be worthy of such service done
  By sailormen supreme at sea;
Nor falter in the proud belief
  Our Navy still is strong to save,
While we have s. ' ships—and such men!—
  Britannia still sh ' rule the wave!

RICARDO.

Printer's Pie.

"BURTON EVENING GAZETTE":—
"Fresh EGGS were unprocurable, all the CATTLE having been requisitioned."

"EVENING DISPATCH":—
"FRENCH advances have just been made by AUSTRIA and GERMANY to induce Italy at this critical juncture to abandon her neutrality."

"EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH":—
"It has been decided that . . . the minimum height for all men other than soldiers who enlist in the infantry of the line will be RAISED to 3 FEET 6 INCHES."

"GLASGOW EVENING NEWS":—
"Our photograph shows a BERLIN couple and their three children in a hop-field a few miles from Sandwich (Kent) where a hop-grower is giving work to several BELGIAN refugees."

"WARLASEY NEWS":—
"YOUTHS OVER 41 and UNDER 18 are needed from the district."

"BRIDGWATER MERCURY":—
"Mr. Merson seconded, and called for THREE YEARS for Lord St. Andries, which were heartily given."

"DAILY SKETCH":—
"His disguise was so perfect that HE DIDN'T RECOGNISE ME."

"WESTERN PEOPLE":—
"The land ought to be scarified, then well harrowed, the moss gathered up and taken to the LANDLORD, where it should be placed in heaps and burned."

"SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO":—
"Applications are to be made PERSONALLY, but must be TYPEWRITTEN on one side only of one sheet of paper."

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Hasn't our Army proved that its teeth are all right?
Isn't "Ger-mania" what the mad Kaiser is suffering from?
Isn't the "Rush 'uns" what they are calling them in Berlin?
Hasn't the Tzar gained enormously by doing his "Jewty" to a down trodden race?
How do the Kaiser's soldiers like "rout"-marching?
Isn't the Blue Danube beginning to deserve its name?
Haven't we more German "bannods" than ever in this country now?
Isn't our shooting superior because our "aim" is good?
Do you want to know how to turn paper into gold? See page 24.
Isn't the German navy more "modest" than was supposed?

* * *

Harry Lauder says the Press is the fertiliser of the world. The German section certainly does its best in the way of "fertilelies-ing."

* * *

In Holland they are making bread of tulip bulbs. Well, they produce an excellent "flower."

* * *

New novels are very few, we read. Yes, young authors are "going," instead of "coming," to the front.

* * *

The Kaiser says the Germans are "the salt of the earth." And, having been "mustered," are now getting "peppered."

* * *

Shakespeare says, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but the Kaiser must be an exception, for it seems to come natural to him.

* * *

A Breslau shopkeeper is offering to pay 30,000 marks to the German soldier who first lands in England. Or his family?

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for SEPT. 19th. 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number **012,192.**
Apply THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Mr. Bottomley's Great Speech now ready. Ask for "Bottomley's Battle Cry"—1d.

FINAL COUPON. SEND ENTRIES NOW.

HOME AND AWAY WINS AND DRAWS £1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON

NOTHING TO PAY!

It seems tolerably certain that the League Clubs will fulfil their season's engagements. That being so, we are reverting to our original style of coupon, and the task set competitors is to forecast "Home" and "Away" wins and Draws. No goals are required. You can send in as many entries as you like. The second and final coupon appears this week.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, October 3rd, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, **£100** will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecast, even if only 8 or 10.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a "Mary Bull" mauve coupon. Thus in any event **£125 must be won.**

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

By using a "Mary Bull" **mauve** coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an **extra £25.** Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100, the £25 will be awarded to the sender of **the next best** mauve coupon. The final mauve coupon will be found in this week's "Mary Bull" on sale Friday, September 25th.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 3."

The closing date is Friday, October 2nd.

SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

Racing Notes.

The Jockey Club at its meeting last week was unanimously in favour of the remainder of the racing programme being carried through. Some meetings must go to the wall. Newbury is now being used for the internment of German prisoners, but we may be sure that the three Newmarket Meetings will be held; that Derby and Liverpool will each have its Autumn Cup and Manchester its November Handicap

Good news, too, is it to hear that the Racecourse Association has approached owners as to their intentions during the coming National Hunt season, and has found that the majority intend to carry on just the same as usual. We shall miss many of our jumping jockeys who now—good luck to them!—are serving in cavalry regiments at the front, but there are plenty left, and some of the less known men will have a chance. The rule as to added money may have to be altered, and, indeed, the National Hunt Committee has been approached to that effect. The whole prospect, then, has been improved, and it should be many a long day before we again have to write "There is no racing this week."

During the next few days there should be some betting on the Cesarewitch, and next week we shall be in a position to discuss that race

As will be seen from the announcement on another page, the well-known military and naval publishing firm of Gale and Polden are placing upon the market, at an exceedingly low figure, sets of patriotic postcards, produced entirely in England, and forming a complete record of the various units making up the British land and sea forces engaged in the war. No patriot should be without this interesting and ornamental series.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

A scrap of paper—that is all!
Why, what are statesmen at
To niggle at the tearing-up
Of such a thing as that?

Why not ignore that it exists,
And tear it bit by bit,
What though our word of honour was
By both upon it writ?

Come, tear it up. Kings can afford
To play these traitor games;
Let's rend our honour into shreds
And cast it in the flames!

* * * *

A scrap of paper! Just reflect
What infamy you're at;
For Magna Charta's self was writ
On such a scrap as that.

America's Independence was
Writ, in a byegone age,
Upon one other simple sheet—
Who'd dare to tear the page?

So shall this paper honoured be,
Whatever else may hap.
Who threatens War? Then let War come!
Just for this scrap—a scrap! M.

"The Allies' Smokers' Outfit," specially designed for use by the troops, is certainly wonderful value for the half-crown at which it is priced—and forms an ideal keepsake from those at home. Full particulars of it will be found elsewhere in this issue.

GOLDEN "BULLETS."

GRAND PRIZES TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

1st Prize **£250** **1st Prize**

£250
1st Prize.

TEN WAR PRIZES
OF
£20 each

100
Prizes of 10/-

10 Prizes of £2 10 | **1,000 Handsome Prizes** | **200 Prizes of 5/-**

Bullets can be constructed only from any of these 30 Examples.

THE TURNING TIDE	GENERAL REJOICING	WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS	WHEN BABY WAKES	GETTING IT HOT
WANTON DESTRUCTION	WILL AND TESTAMENT	MOST UNFORTUNATE WHEN	A BIG ORDER	ROVING DAY
WEARING THEM OUT	GERMANY'S DEFENCE	SPOILING SPORT	DISHONEST CLAIM	CROSSING THE WATER
TOMMY'S TRIUMPHS	SELDOM LASTS LONG	HIS FONDEST HOPE	BREAKING THEM IN	WHEN HUBBY'S LATE
THE FIGHTING LINE	BUTCHER'S BILL	LODGER'S COMPLAINT	BADLY COOKED	A BAD LIE
TALKING MACHINE	THE DAY'S WORK	RETIRING DISPOSITION	ON THE WAY	BREAKING DOWN

BEST PRIZE OFFER OF ANY PAPER

Closing date, Thursday, October 1st.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(104) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.
This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated October 3rd.

Closing date, Thursday, October 1st.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(104) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 104," "JOHN BULL," LOAD ADA, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

FOR RESULT OF COMPETITION 101
See Page Opposite.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "GENERAL REJOICING," and take the letters "A" and "S," using the word "Wedding" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet, "AFTER WEDDING CEREMONY." From the example "MOST UNFORTUNATE WHEN," the Bullet, "EMPLOYER FAILS" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example, "SELDOM LASTS LONG," using the letter "A" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet, "A FIGHTING AVIATOR."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 17th, 1914.

RESULT OF 101ST BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

MISS F. WATSON,
Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital,
City Road, London, E.C.

Example:—MADE IN GERMANY.
Bullet:—ALMOST EVERYTHING "IMAGINABLE."

10 WAR PRIZES OF £20 EACH:

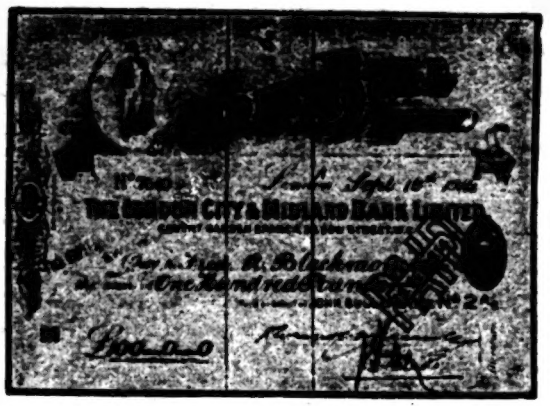
Mr. JOHN A. THOMPSON, 7, Wesley Avenue, Liscard, Wallasey, Cheshire:
BADLY NEEDED—"BURNING" TRADE SHOW.
2244 Pte. H. B. JONES, D. Coy., 5th Batt. R.W. Fus., Northampton:
A NARROW ESCAPE—PLUMBER USUALLY WISHES.
Mr. GUY OSBORNE, 26, Belmont Road, Harrogate:
GOING TO SEASIDE—MANY "COMPANIES" ABROAD.
Mr. A. G. JOYCE, The Hollies, Weelsby Road, Grimsby:
MADE IN GERMANY—EASILY BROKEN "ARTICLES."
Mr. G. H. HOBBS, 4, Sotheby Road, Highbury, London, N.:
SUFFERING DUTY—DELAY SPARES INFANT.
Mr. WILLIAM NEWHOUSEN, 119, Beaconsfield Road, Catton, Norwich:
SHIRKING DUTY—HAIR RESTORER USUALLY.
Mr. WALTER G. KEY, 37, Ripon Street, Lincoln:
WAKING UP—USUALLY WIFE'S PRIVILEGE.
Mr. J. SMYTHE, 28, Atherley Road, Freemantle, Southampton.
MADE IN GERMANY—MANY CHEAP "DECORATIONS"
Mr RICHARD COTTER, 32, St Anne's Road, Drumcondra, Dublin:
REGULAR SUPPLIES—POOR MAN'S PROGENY
Mr S. C. BUTLER, 2 Crossfield Road, Colchester:
A NIGHT ATTACK—CONFISCATING PUBLICANS' HOURS.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mr. HORACE BRAMPTON, High Street, St. Ives, Cornwall:
GOING TO SEASIDE—"BEANS" NOTHING GENERALLY.
Mr. JOHN WEBSTER, Gosa View, Oakbank Rd., Perth, Scotland.
BADLY NEEDED—A MERTHYR BYE-ELECTION.
Mr. ALBERT SMITH, "Examiner" Office, Wigan, Lancs.:
SHIRKING DUTY—NOT "JUST" NOW.
Mr. J. H. HOWELL, 15, Pembroke Street, Seedley, Manchester:
WHO GOES THERE—"WASS YOU SPOKE?"
Mr. CHAS. R. BARTLEY, 2, Sherwood Road, Bearwood, near Birmingham:
EVERYBODY BELIEVES THAT—"Somebody Saw Them."
Mr. H. E. DANIEL, 73, Stanley Road, Hartshill, Stoke-on-Trent
WHAT WILLIAM SAID—"DAMN NATIONS" WHOLESALE.
Mr. P. HORDAY, 33A, Alexander Road, Wednesbury:
WHO GOES THERE—"REPORT" FOLLOWS ENQUIRY.
Mr. SYDNEY CARR, Linden Lodge, Teignmouth:
WHO GOES THERE—GERMANS—BEHIND WOMEN.
Mr. D. SKINNER, 33, Loughborough Road, Kirkcaldy, Scotland:
LINGERING LOVERS—LONG TIME "GONE."
Mr. EDWIN A. FOSTER, Medstead Rifle Club, Medstead, near Alton, Hants:
WHITE FLAG—WHEN "CROSSED"—HONOURED.

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

AXSON, C. W., 32, Flanders Road, Bedford Park, W.
AUSTIN, H. A., 54, Brayards Road, Peckham, S.E.
BALLS, H. J. S., Duke of Edinburgh, West St., Harwich, Essex.
BARKER, A., 86, Tavistock Street, Bedford.
BLAVER, G., Parcels Office, L. & S.W.Rly., Kingston-on-Thames
BOUFFLER, R. (Mrs.), 2, Latham Tce., Southfield Road, Bedford Park, W.
BRAYSHAW, A., 2, Norwood Bldgs., Shipley, Yorks.
BROWN, J. H., 20, Cranbrook Road, Bristol.
BRUNTON, M. R. (Mrs.), 9, Westfield Avenue, Cupar, N.B.
BUTLER, H., Norway Farm, Blyth, Rotherham, Notts.
CANNON, P. J., Victoria Hotel, Strabane, Ireland.
CHESHIRE, J. (Mrs.), 14, Athol Street, Poplar, London, E.
CLARKE, W. D., Accountant's Office, G.N.Rly., Amiens Street, Dublin.
CLARKE, A., 86, Cobden Street, Leicester.
COOPER, A. E., Musical Director, Olympia, West Bromwich.
COTTRELL, E. M. (Mrs.), 64, Havelock Road, Brighton.
COWAN, R. M., Lethington Road, Whitecraigs, Renfrewshire.
CRAWLEY, W. L., 31, Wathen Road, Dorking, Surrey.
CROMAR, A. S., Yonall, Burton-on-Trent.
CROSS, E., 4, Clifton Grove, Old Torwood Road, Torquay, Devon.
DAVEY, J. H., 4, Queen's Parade, Weybridge.
DE LA TOUR (The Vicomte), Parkfield, Guildford.
DESMOND, M., 14, Rathcoole Parade, Hornsey, N.
DICKINSON, T. W., Badminton, Gloucestershire.
DUGDALE, J., Kent's Bank Hotel, Grange-over-Sands, Lancs
EASTERBROOK, J. (Mrs.), 7, Battledean Road, Highbury, N.
EVANS, L., 77, Badminton Grove, Ebbw Vale, Mon.
FRASER, J., 3, Telford Terrace, Inverness.
FORTESCUE, A., 2, Grafton Street, Mile Rad, E.
GALVIN, C., 4, Cove Street, Cork, Ireland.
GRAY, L. J. (Miss), 16, Livingstone Rd., Gillingham, Kent.
GRAYSON, W., 134, Whitham Road, Broomhill, Sheffield.
GREGORY, W., 88, Cold Harbour, Amesbury, Salisbury. P.
GROOM, P., 112 Regent Street Leamington Spa.
HALL, R., 71, All Saints Road Heaton Norris, Stockport.
HARMIN, H. A., 10 William Street, Woolwich.
HARRISON, J., 27, Juliet Street, Hirst, Ashington.
HARE, W., 34, Seaside Road, Eastbourne.
HIGGINBOTTOM, H., 63, Lord Street, Stalybridge.
HOBLE, R. J., 132, Newport Road, Stafford.
HOLLOWAY, M., 30, Hurstbourne Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.
HOW, W., 40, Victoria Road, Aldershot.
HYND (Miss), 20, Argyle Street, Dundee.
JACKSON, CLARA, 136, Oldham Road, Waterloo, A.-u.-Lyne.
JACKSON, R. E., (Mrs.), 17, Highgate Avenue, Preston.
JELLICOE (Mrs.), 127, Leigh Road East, Westcliff-on-Sea.
KAVANAGH, T. A., Customs and Excise, Bray, Ireland.
LAMB, G. G. (Mrs), 20, Eastbourne Gardens, Whitley Bay.
LIDDLE, J., 34, Sea Road, Fulwell, Sunderland.
LONG, W., Provender Manor, Faversham, Kent.
LUCKMAN, W. H., 110, Tarry Road, Alum Rock, Birmingham.
MARTIN, E. M., The Cottage, Waggoner's Wells, Grayshott, Surrey
MASON, H. H., 14, South Side Cottages, St. Andrew's Road, Bemerton, Salisbury.
MACGARVEY, C., 27, Whitworth Road, Dublin.
MCFARLANE, J. (L.-Cpl.), D. Coy., 7th R.H.R.W., Kinchorn, Fife.
MCKAIG, H. (Miss), Dunny House, Sunningdale, Berks.
MCFARQUHAR, D., Arlencaple, Helensburgh, N.B.
MILLS, J. S., The Cottage, Pentyrch, Cardiff.
MORTON, N., Broadway, Belfast.
MOSES, M. E. (Miss), 17, Albert Street, Kettering.
NATTRASS (Miss), 109, Prince of Wales' Road, Norwich.
NORTON, S., Ranelagh, Monton Road, Eccles, near Manchester.
OTTER, FLORENCE, 26, Lunt Avenue, Crewer, Cheshire.
OWENS, V., 25, Manton Road, Liverpool.
PARKER, A. E., c.o. M. Ship Canal Co., Vere Street, Salford.
PARLEY, M. I. (Mrs.), Tuttshall, Norwich.
PLUMTREE, W. 40, St. Matthias Road, Nottingham.
POTTER, H. W., 16, Carlton Road South, Weymouth.
QUINN, G. T., 20, Clandon Road, Seven Kings, Essex.



A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at the Landore Cinema, Neath-rd., Swansea. The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. G. Williams, 69, High-st., Swansea, from Thursday, September 24, and at those of Messrs. Picketts', Alexandra Buildings, Swansea, from Monday, September 28. From October 1 it will be shown by Mr. C. Evans, Newsagent, Bryn-y-Mor-rd., Swansea.

RICKELTON, J. Junr., 4, Henrietta Street, Scotstoun, Glasgow.
RICHARDS, L., 12, James Street, Abertillery, Mon.
ROBINSON, E., Junr., Seghill, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
ROGERS, H. G., 18, Woodville Rd., Mumbles, Swansea.
ROWLEY, MAY, 33, Wood Street, Newark, Notts.
RUDGE (Mrs.), 22, Regent Street, Swindon, Wilts.
SAMBROOK, RUBY, Ivy House, Great Wyrley, near Walsall.
SHERIDAN, P., Strand Theatre, Aldwych, W.C.
SIER, W. H., Albany Hotel, Bradford.
SMALES, W. E., 105, Holderness Rd., Hull.
SMITH, E., 31, Birchington Avenue, South Shields.
SPASHETT, A. (Mrs.), Ivy Cottage, Bury St. Edmunds.
STEELE, AGNES M., 94, Drybrgh Avenue, Rutherglen, N.B.
STONE, A. (Miss), South Hill, Bassett, Southampton.
SUTTON, S. A. (Miss), 24, Manor Road, Walsall.
SWIFT, G. A., 1, Chelsea Road, Southsea.
THOMAS, J. C., 2, Earl Street, Lower Broughton, Manchester.
TRICKETT, W. J., North Cottages, St. Helens, I.O.W.
TUNBRIDGE, H., The Friars Hotel, Chelmsford.
TURNER, G., 59, Margaret Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire.
VALLANCE, G., Butcher, Murikirk, Ayrshire, N.B.
WALFORD, R. (Mrs. Cawood, nr. Selby, Yorks.
WARLOW, F., 42, Haldane Av., Birkenhead
WELDON (Mrs.), 96, Hyde Road, Ardwick, Manchester.
WEST, W., 192, Elm Grove, Brighton.
WHELDON, E. M. (Miss), 14, Sheraton St., Rise Carr, Darlington.
WHITELOCK, P. J., Grand Theatre, Leeds.
WILDE, J. S., Commander, H.M.S. *Acheron*, Sheerness.
WILLIAMS, B. M., Co-operative Stores, Senghenydd, Glam.
WORTON, H. L., 70, Russell Street, Luton, Beds.
YATES, E. J., 30, Spilman St., Carmarthen.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

FALCONER, A. E., 17, Bruntsfield Garden, Edinburgh.
FANNING, A. J., Newtown, Waterford, Ireland.
FIELD, H., Hillfield, Coppetts Road, Muswell Hill, N.
FIRTH, E. (Mrs.), 26, Home Street, Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire.
FOSTER, A., 6, Kettering Road, Levenshulme, Manchester.
FOULDS, A., City Stores, Peterboro'.
FOXTON, C. F., 30, Carlton Rd., Ashton-on-Mersey, Manchester.
FRAMPTON, W. G., 5, Ilbert St., Queen's Park, Paddington.
FRANKLIN, F., 21, Court Lane Gardens, Dulwich, S.E.
FRANCIS, J., 36, Granville Road, Sheerness-on-Sea.
GOLDSMITH, G. E., 172, Denmark Road, Lowestoft.
GRAVER, E. A., Granville Cottage, Heatham, King's Lynn.
GRIFFITHS, J., 57, Bryntegfryd, Cwmaman, Aberdare.
HALL, M., 106, Hallam Street, West Bromwich.
HARVEY, J., 31, Bavant Road, Norbury.
HARRIS, A. J. (Mrs.), 16, Lamerton Tce., Bideford, Devon.
HARRIS, H. G., 1, Salcombe Villas, Richmond, Surrey.
HARGREAVES, A. C., 17, Dale St., Liverpool.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 24, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.
4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.
5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, October 1st.
6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

"To the great army of householders"

Special War Appeal.

Mr. John Burns' Letter.

The Right Hon. John Burns, writing from the Local Government Board on September 11th, says:

"I hope that the great army of ordinary householders will not only have their renovating done now, rather than next spring, but will also RESUME THE BUYING OF FURNITURE, thus encouraging the trader to restore his stocks to normal proportions and to keep them there."

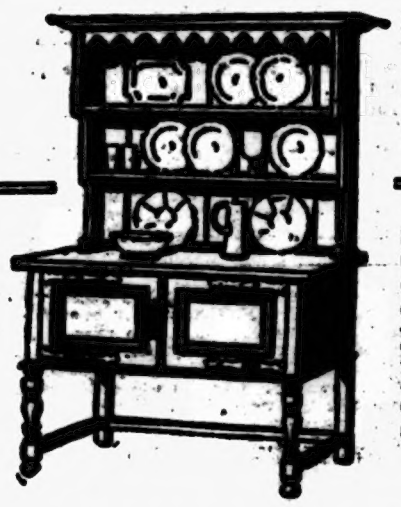
By so doing you will help to relieve the distress and prevent the unemployment on which the Germans are counting to weaken the arm of Britain.

In order to help you to carry out Mr. John Burns' patriotic advice, the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd., have decided to make a great sacrifice. They offer the whole stock of beautiful furniture now in the Midland Salons, 15-23, Southampton Row, at

25% Discount off marked prices

for cash. Many articles are actually offered you at less than cost price.

By purchasing now you help to provide much needed employment for the thousands of workers in the furnishing trade whose whole livelihood depends on the maintenance of continued trade.



Come in person to the "Midland" and select what you require. Come to-day. You will save 5s. in the £1 on every cash purchase; and you will be helping your country at the same time.

Soundly constructed Oak Dresser of quaint design, with roomy cupboard in the lower part, and oxydised hinges and fittings. Finished in any shade desired. Marked price as usual, £3 3s. 0d.
Special War Price, £2 7s. 3d.

All goods purchased carefully packed, free of charge.

Fumed Oak Bureau, 2 ft. 2 in. wide, 3 ft. 6 in. high, 9 in. deep. Marked price as usual, £1 1s. 0d.
Special War Price, 15s. 9d.

Large size Chesterfield, beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customers' choice. With or without drop end. Marked price as usual, £4 14s. 6d.
Special War Price, £3 10s. 10d.

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

A Sheraton Style Bedroom Suite of exceptionally fine finish, in mahogany, inlaid with satinwood. The handsomely designed wardrobe and dressing-table have large bevelled mirrors, and the washstand a marble top and back. Marked price as usual, £29 15s. 0d.
Special War Price, £22 6s. 3d.

Our Gradual Payment System.

In spite of the War, the Midland Furnishing Co. are willing to accept orders on the Ideal Terms, for which arrangements can be made on personal application.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.
Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.
Governing Director, GEORGE MICHAEL, *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

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